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CERES RACES.

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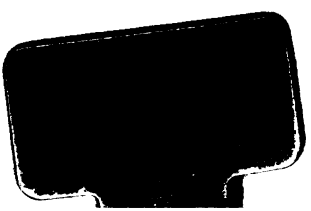

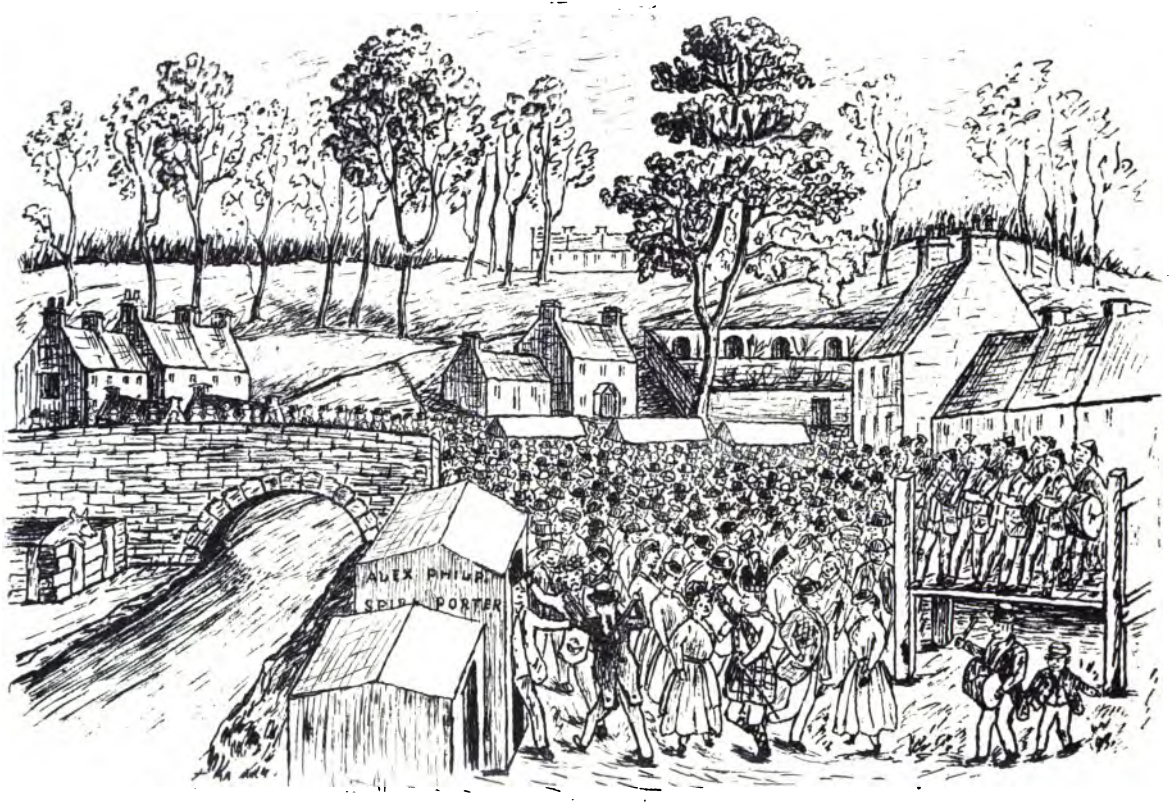
ALEX PHILIP
SPIRIT PORTER

CERES RACES.

BY

JOHN W. WOOD.

CUPAR-FIFE:
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CERES RACES.

WHA hasna been through Ceres toon,
And "owre a gill" wi' Teelyir Broon,
Or seen him while the Race-day passes,
Rampaugin 'mang the lads and lasses,—
And in "High Science's" in glee,
Ca'd through a nicht o' glorious spree,
Where he has heard of unco wars
Frae sodgers who can shew their scars,
Or handed doon frae dad to son,
Of battles Ceres shared and won!
And at midnicht, when a' was dune,
Beneath the glory o' the Mune,
Gloured on wi' greedy, solemn glour,
The last brig Bishop Sharp rode owre
That day the Presbyters sae soor
Cam on the Rogue on Magus Moor,—
Although he has been mony a mile,
Or up the Rhine, or up the Nile,

Or through the Trossachs—nearer hame,—
Or fifty places tongue could name,
Hasna seen a' the warld, ye ken,
Nor met wi' Nature's noblest men!
For yon bright sun ne'er sets its face
On sic a tribe,—on sic a place,—
And sic true-blues by Land and Sea
As ever bade a Home be free;
Unlike the folk o' croodit slums,
Wha cram their bairns wi' sugar-plums
And dumplins made o' foreign floor,
And foreign fruit, and foreign stoor;
Unlike the gentry—sae by luck—
Wha canna even eat a juck,
But twa-three cook-heads maun be rackit,
To hae the beast wi' trashtrie packit,
Spoiling baith appetites and sowls,
Filling the earth wi' deein'-like Owls,
Thin-shankit, white-skinned scraichs o' day,
Wha pass in idleness away,—
Yea, yea! the Ceres breed is hale,
For health and strength are in their kail,
Their piz-an'-ait and barley scones,
Pork, Cabbage, Leeks, an' grawnd Blue-dons,
Their Beer and Whusky frae the Stell,
Untouched wi' "kill-the-cairter" shell,
Such as oor Pawrents, no oure nice,
Lived Tenant-folk on Paradise!
The bairns at nine months rin their lane,
The halflins raise the quarry stane,

Their Faythers' Faythers—auld-like tykes,—
Gang oot sax miles to put up dykes,
Yet though they hirple owre the braes
Wi' rackit banes or corny taes,
You'll never hear the Carlies murn
Frae morning till the lang day turn;
But see them smirking owre their denners,
A' rough and ready in their menners,
When seated 'neath some shady tree,
As happy as the Laird could be,
Tearing at greasy cauld-pork slices,
Crackin' o' swine and thriving grices;
And e'er the sclyster's fairly owre,
The Laird himsel' will stap anour,
Haudin' an aipple in the air,
Or some lang gergynell sae rare,
And cry, "First here to grip his mell,
Will get this Codlin to himsel'!"—
When ilka ane bangs up wi' force,
Bounding and rifting like the horse
New set adrift on Sabbath morn,
To scour the fields and save the corn,
Juist as they used to play the Fule
At "catch-th'-hare" ahent the Schule,—
Ilk Fayther there a noble Laird,
Wha brags a theekit hoose and yaird,
Braw gruntin' swine and plots o' kail,
Hams i' the neuk and bunks o' meal,
As bonny hams a' in a raw,
As ever hang on Adam's wa',

Big tawty-pits in wooden sheds,
And siller shoo'd within their beds,—
The auld Man's surety and his stay
When comes the hirpling, friendless day.

But, hark! the Ceres Brass Band poors
Its lively notes amang the Moors,
While here and there a Bagpipe yells
Auld Scotia's music up the dells,
To warn the Chiels wha ca' the harrows,
The Chaps wha move the mells and barrows,
And a' the lasses young and strang,
Wha dwell our pleasant moors amang,—
But ah! yon bonny morning saw
The Tarvit shepherd ta'en awa'
To Cupar jail; and wha will play
The Tarvit lasses owre the day?

The watchdog o' Balass had been
At antrin times by Chairlie seen
To skulk frae's fields at break o' morn,
Whar sheep and lambs lay dead and torn;
But when he spak to "Auld Balass,"
He stampit aye and gowled, "Ye ass,"
And set him whiles wi' unco bang
Whar shepherds scarcely care to gang,
That "Rover," and as he'd be spared,
Had barkit a' nicht in the yaird;
Sae Chairlie, juist to mak' things richt,
Sat wi' a cockit gun by nicht,

Till up the big black prowler came
To carry on his murd'rous game,
When yell and gun-bang filled the air,
And Rover worries sheep nae mair;
Yet to "Balass" by early day
The honest shepherd took his way,
And tell'd him that some dog had been
Stravaigin' through his flock at e'en,
That as the captain was frae hame,
He micht himsel' get a' the blame,
And spiered and bade him answer plain
Gif Rover had been aff the chain?
For he atweel would have to say
What ugly brute had been his way.
"Aff the chain? No! ye hielant boor,
He's never aff the chain, I'm sure,
Sae gang your ways, ye waur than deil,
In case I gar him snap your heel!
You would come here an' blame, an' blame
A dog that has an honest name!"
But through the day he learned his fill,
That Rov lay dead upon the hill,
When in his rage—sky-bue-an'-pale—
He clappit Chairlie in the jail!

But every nicht frae Ceres Toon,
Juist as the bonny sun gaed doon,
Auld Peggy Rodger took her way
To Tarvit Bothy, there to spey,—
A glourin body, black's a craw,

Whase cantrips keep kye-folk in awe,
For by the charms that never fail
She would bring Chairlie frae the Jail,
And thrice his dearest nearest gear—
While auld and young stand round in fear—
Maun through the hasp o' green yarn pass,
His dog, his crook, his pipes, his lass!
The while she mutters to hersel',
Or, as some think, her Freend frae Hell;
Syne at midnicht when folk micht quail,
Three times she mairches roond the jail,
Wi' burning touch-wood in her hand,
And thrice across her staff does stand,
And signs and mutters at the door,
Words never heard by man before!

Yet through the woods the wild notes come,
The clar'net shrill and booming drum,—
Aye—and the news like spunkey flees—
The Tarvit Bag-pipe strikes the breeze!
And which, the Deil or Peg to own?
But there's the screaming pipe an' drone,
When lood the Kiltie loe's to croon
"We'll gang nae mair to yonder toon,"
As up he prances frae the dale,
Wi' hunders mairchin at his tail;
While weel-faured groups frae ilka yirth,
Gang skelping on to speel their mirth,
Ilk lassie linkit wi' her joe,
Like sweet moss-roses in the blow,

Smiling intil ilk ither's face,
Whar care a furrow fails to trace,
For this is June's great gala-day!
When men rin wud and youngsters play—
The day that marks the grand return
Of Ceres men frae Bannockburn! *
The day those bearded heroes met,
Their plaids wi' English bluid still wet,
Their kilts wi' arrows riddled through—
A savage hardy clan to view—
Wha never to their Chief said no!
Though triple-numbered stood the foe!
Whom Wemyss and Hope had led away,
Five hundred strong to join the fray,—
The day they met their Loves again,
Sweethearts and wives and bairns a' fain,
When on "The Green" the Pipers played,
While dance and daffin' were displayed,
Ilk ane mair joyous than anither,
Ilk man to man a bosom brither,
Well pleased the rising mirth to see,
And striving hard to bear the gree,—
The day some maidens told fu' plain
They didna a' come back again!
So off we'll go ourselves to court
The wild commemorative sport!

---

* The elapse of hundreds of years has merged the less event into the greater, so that the celebration of the return of the Ceres warriors is actually held upon the day the battle was fought.

Like to the Youth who long had been
From friends, and far from Ceres Green,
Where oft he raved of Ceres Races,
The happy, old, familiar faces,
And mingled with his kin again,
When June restored the lively plain,
Our very souls are ravished quite
With merry Ceres full in sight,
While what we thought we had forgot,
The happy lines of Scotland's Scott!
That Youth was made to mouth and roar
As he approached his home once more.
Burst from us with o'erflowing joy,
As they had from that darling boy:
"Breathes there a man with soul so sad.
Who never to himself hath said,
When just returned to Mam and Dad
From wandering on a foreign strand,
A stranger in a weary land,
This is my own, my native place,
And these the kinsmen of my race,
With careless, free, yet noble mien
All bounding now on Ceres Green,
The spot where met the Ceres clan—
Spot dear to every Ceres man!"
The caravans hae oot their signs,
Fat Women, Snakes, and Sodger-lines,
The Kilties looking michty soor,
Aye chairging clean-sweep owre a moor,
Tossing the black lads owre the morn,

As ploughmen toss the sheaves o' corn,
At which yount Callants glour and quiver,
Then list and leave their hames for ever,
Whar like Wull Speed wha sleeps fu' sound,
Within some foreign battle-ground
They'll maybe rise upon some Morn,
And stand 'mang Blacks and gaze forlorn,
On which his brither "meeditates"
And greets and swears owre cruel fates,—
Drums, pipes, and whusles screech and bray,
And Fules and Rustics dance the day,
While croods pour in to see and feel
The lads conneckit wi' the Deil,
Or get a glimpse o's sel atweel,—
The sweety-stand wives lauch an' craw
Whar bonny lasses tak' the jaw
O' Tam or Rob, wha fills their laps
Wi' curly-awnds and crumpy snaps;
Queer, wizard-looking, Irish Sowlies,
Wi' parley-bings and rowly-powlies,
Prick the garters and fortune-wheels,
Barrows wi' nuts and shoot the deils,
The purse o' coins, the little pea,
"The watch that always goes wi' me,"
Packmen wi' knives and trumps in bings,
Packwives wi' common women's things,
Stockings, and scarfs, and soo-backed mutches,
Yet there they swear, the unco wretches,
A Jock, wha donned ane in a trice,
Would treat his lass but for the price;

Auld "Rolling Eye," wi's humphy back,
Which jealous laddies lend a whack,
Noo sings, "I crossed the Hielint hills,
Whaur I met a bonny lassie,
When I spiered if she would go wi' me,
But at first she was richt saucy,
Till I strokes my broo and thuds my thigh,
Dumdairy with my rolling eye!"
The wizard Wilson up his throat
Brings peel'd potawties reeking hot
Upon a bignet—hear him noo!—
His Fayther used at Waterloo!
When Piper-Jim moves from his place,
Wi' smiles upon his sonsy face,
To mak' his auld Freend's wonder plain,
And blaws and bolts ane owre again,
"Are they ready, Jeemie?" "Aye!" an' draws
The fire that bleezes roond his jaws,
On whom "the bodies" glour and wonder,
As on the little god o' thunder,—
Rob Salmond on a waggon-head
Is roupin' stacks o' gingerbread,
"Sooters-packin' for hungry stamacks,
A happy cheenge frae tawty bannocks;"
And Sweety-pokes, to Jocks a caution,
For "Rose and pink are a' the fashion,"
Wi' wut and lear that never droopit,
Which micht hae filled an auld kirk poopit,—
Ha, ha! he tells some laden Wicht,
"Ye'll gar the wife lie yont the nicht;

But here, my hearties, is the sort
For Jenny gin she seeks to dort,
Wi' Gingebread horses strong an' croose
For tandem in the laich strae-hoose.
Come oot amon' the neeps," he cries,
When half-fou hallions want "a rise,"
And wi' a hard-fired treacle bap,
Upon the nearest lug plays slap.
"Hurro! my dandies, sold again,
And why should living man complain?
Dinna gang grumlin' aff frae me,
Like Jock Green's horse wi' tearfu' e'e;
Haud up your lap, my lassie fair,
And never mind the laddies there,
I wadna leave a mark behind
O' th' bullock's-blude-and-sawdust kind;"
When up he bigs a stack to view,
And sticks the last cake in her moo,—
Noo loud the young folk lauch and stare
At greedy Jock wha wanted mair,
For Roby keepit rammin' doon,
Until the lang hat tined its croon!
When scores o' little "ravens" there,
Flew at the parleys in the air,
And Jock, wha noo looks glum and grue,
His Sabbath hat glours through and through!
Yet Rob, wha never has a fail,
Grips up the tither lot for sale,
Twa muckle cakes o' Ginger-bread,
And Cries, "the kind ye a' can read,

A 'Pilgrims' Progress' bund in cawf,"
At which the lads and lasses lawf,
"Wi' 'Mathew Hendry' clear an' plain,
An' wha will say a shillin' again?
When twenty hands are up to buy;
When Roby, wi' a glent fu' sly,
Flings to the lad a dizzen mair
O' parleys skimmin through the air—
"There's ane to her for whom ye grien,
There's ane to her ye kissed yestreen;
To Kate whase head's as red as fire,
To Nan ye cuddled in the byre,
To Nell ye trysted by the stack,
To Ann wha heard an tell'd yer crack,
To Jean ye should hae ta'en lang syne,
To little Jock wha ca's the kine."
But Jock is there himsel fu' nobby,
Wha cries "Three cheers for Salmon Robby!"
Thus fun and mirth maun tak the road,
Till Roby sells ten waggon-load;
And never was the Green sae fou
O' sic a mixed clan-jamfry crew,—
Auld pipers, ballad folk, and fiddlers,
And a' the Jeremiah diddlers,
A' cheating fair, yet bless their feasts,
For mankind couldna a' be priests.

The Band is skirling up the reels,
Five hundred pairs fling up their heels,
Brisk lads and lasses thrang the braes,

A' in their dandy Sabbath claes,
Bricht ribbons stream frae mony a croon,
Big tossel-jocks bob up and doon,
And coats o' every shape and dye,
Show bead designs o' horse and kye,
When pity him wha lauchs or sneers
At what he either sees or hears,
For, be'im a Lord or Butler's son,
His nose will roughly kiss the grun':
But here comes the immortal Broon,
The noblest man o' Ceres toon,
The terror o' ilk rebel loon,
The Baron-Bailie o' Craigha',
Wha cocks his Kingly pow owre a',
Like Moses new doon frae Sinay,
The crood wi' some respect gives way,
Where half-drunk Deevils gley and glour,
To let His Honour pass anour,
While guid auld Worthies in their braws
Flock round to strengthen Ceres laws!
And now the Sun shines sweetly doon,
To shew the comforts o' the toon,
For lichts and livers o' their swine
Hing at their doors, a sicht divine,
A Sawcrifeece that mingles tears,
In honour o' their brave Forbears!
Wha fell on mony a Scottish plain,
When Scotia firmly held her ain,
And in Egyptian sauds that lie,
And 'neath the blazing Indian sky,

And by Columbia's gloomy woods,
And where St Lawrence pours its floods,
And where the French tricolours flew,
Till soiled they fell at Waterloo,
And sons and brothers now no more,
Who sleep on bleak Crimea's shore;
And this same day are on the Green,
Strong men wha hae wi' Campbell been,
Whase hearts beat high aboon the roar
Of guns that shook the Russian shore;
And some whase skins are unco dun,
By marching 'neath the Indian sun,
Come owre frae Embro' forts on passes,
To dance a reel and kiss the lasses,
Wha swing their kilts and feathers nod,
Wi' joy upon their native sod!
And some whase legs were shot awa'
Are whirlin till they're like to fa',
Yet hoo they loup and toss their hands,
As if touched up wi magic wands,
Through mony a reel wi' micht an' main,
Until the auld grow young again;
When it's a smile to mony a ane,
Acquawntit weel wi' flesh and bane,
To see seceder Jess and John
Set till each ither sideways on!
While frail auld Grannies on the braes,
Are minding on their dancing days,
Their lads wi' whom they lived for years,
For whom they now pour scalding tears!

Or lasses that from fair to grey
The auld lads cuddled in their Day!
And sechin call to mind the glance
O' first-love in a June-day dance!
Yet owre their wrinkled faces play,
Fond smiles to see their bairns the day,
Aye bairnies' bairns, wha boil wi' bliss,
As through the reels they hooch and kiss,
Where nane the minister surpasses,
For picking oot the charming lasses;
When as he cuts the air fu' braw
Wi' Theatre-steps frae far awa',
The passing drunk anes smile and say,
Lod our auld lad has seen the day!
Ay! though he's auld and giely set,
He is a dan neat dancer yet!
But when the wild anes rise a din,
He bids "ye heathens" swear laich in,
To keep in mind the sacred rules—
Kirk-session trials and cutty stools—
A check upon the awfu' fou
For ever to his office true!

"Eh, minister!" quo daft Kate Broon,
Juist as the lad comes whirlin' roon,
"There'll e'en be dancin' up abune
To mony a bonny heevenly tune,
For a' gude Characters on yirth
Aye frae vexation took to mirth,
Thus Moses and them a' did feel

Sae happy in a foursome reel ;
But there ye go, auld Deil-ma-care,
Hoochin' and snappin' through the air ! "
And screwed her chafts, and looked fu' like
An auld coo glourin' owre a dike.

But ere the holy man replies,
Twice through the figure aucht he flies,
Wi' juist as lichtsome-like a mien
As ony haflin on the green.

" Weel, Katy lass, we dimly see
The loves and joys that yet may be,
But, if they dinna dance, our folk
Will be a disappointed flock ;
Yet it is maybe juist as weel
To think the Saints will never reel,
But daft-like thochts will sometimes rise
About the Home beyond the skies,
When folk should rather have a care
Of being good and getting there !
And passing by that place we dree,
Where deils wi' heat may dance awee ! "

" Ise sure ye sir, in whatna clime
Would folk no dance to cheer the time,
Wha ever would admire conversion,
Gif there's to be nae true diversion,
But I'll see Moses some day yet,
And dance him till he's reekin het ;

And what would Noah be the waur
Gif that he gae us Jacky Taur !
My certes ! I'll gar twa three wheel
That day I start a Ceres Reel,
For naething, sir, would please me mair
Than juist to hae a liltie there ;
Yea, yea ! whare'er we'll dance and sing,
And gar their courts wi' music ring."

The whisky and the heady ales
Are giving signs of coming gales ;
The "Jocks" wha cam without a "Jean"
Are fechtin for them owre the Green,
For e'en a gie Sumph disna care
To lose his Lassock in a fair—
Her whom he bargained wi' to dance—
By force or by the rover's glance.
But hearken to that howling rogue,
Some boy who tips the charming brogue,
A row is round Meg Melvin's stand—
Connecting link 'tween sea and land—
Where Paddy falls upon his foes,
The while a partan grasps his nose !—
A big red scoundrel, old and strong,
That seized the nose, did little wrong,
Pat stamps and howls by power and charm,
"Lit go, or ilse I'll break your arm,"
When Meg explains, "He cam to buy,
But only cursed my bonny fry,
Liftit my fish by claw or tail,

And lost the best oor o' my sale,
Wi' aye the owreturn, 'Ah! my honey,
'Would ye be stalein' Paddy's money?'
When, juist to check the Boor-o'-ell,
I ga'im a livin' ane to smell!"
And, dear me! yon's a fierce-like ring,—
Eh! izn war a dreadfu' thing,—
Yet till oor lads o' every station,
Their very life and consolation,
Doon on the grund they cast their coats,
Fling aff their gravats frae their throats,
Twa springs on ither juist like bears,
A crood wi' menseless mouthfu's swears,
Till ilka ane would slay anither,
Masons and Deevils a' throuither,
Till blude on arms and blude on faces
Would gar folk think twa savage races
Had met each ither to destroy,
Juist like the Grecian hosts at Troy;
And a' that fechtin, stoor, and din,
Aboot the Maid o' "Meldrum's Inn,"
Wha had been playing the gay deceiver
To sooter Tam or Jock the weaver,—
But gang and gi'e yer lass a reel
If ye suspect anither chiel!
For when the weaver led her furth
Upon his arm, as a' his worth,
And though the weaver's plaited hair
Was in a locquet glancing there,
Upon that breast of "marble stone,"

Which seemed to heave for him alone,
The Sooter's shune were on her feet,
Enough to gar the Sooter greet,
Wha cursed and swore by a' abune
To hae the lass or back his shune!
Eh! but the lasses micht hae pride
If fond cawf-love through life would bide,
But Sooter Tam or Weaver chiel
Noo gite to gi'e the lass a reel,
Will leave her when she is a mither,
To find her wye among the heather.—
But here's the Teelyir wi' his curls,
Around his head the cane he whirls,
He foams and skelps among the men,
And drives them reelin back again,—
They hae sae muckle love for Broon,
Its aye a stranger knocks him doon!
But listen to the lassie's mither,
Wha points to ane and then the ither—
"Which o' ye noo, to bless your life,
Will tak my Jeannie for your wife?
Fechtin is fechtin, but be done
Wi' business ere ye think o' fun!
No that I dinna like to see
A fecht to raise the blude awee;
But dear experience lets me ken
The changing nature of the men."
"Ay," quo' the Teelyir gley'n upon her,
"This nicht ere bed-time try their honour,
When you'll be shure, 'mang jaw and jockin',

To catch the sooter gin he's clockin'."
And aff he set to raise a row,
Aboot the reels wi' Drummer Thow!

The weaver lies a' blude and torn,
As if he wadna see the morn,
On whom if Jeannie looks wi' grace,
The mither glooms and thraws her face;
The ither's smiling een does say,
"She's welcome as the flowers o' May;"
And on the Green whar nane micht doot her,
She flings her airms aroond the sooter!
"Eh," quo' the auld wife, "that's like me
When Tammas Kermick took my e'e,
She wadna gie her hand and hairt
To ane wha couldna keep his pairt,
For lod ye ken its duty plain,
That folk should fecht and fend their ain."
And aye she turns her auld grey e'e
Upon "the bonnie lad" fu' slee,
"Losh laddie, gin ye're like your faither—
An honester ne'er chappit laither;
Eh laddie, an' ye're like your mither—
Sae, bonnie, wha could name anither!
My certes, but you'll mak a pair
As trig as gangs to kirk or fair!"
"Ay, weesht noo mither! weesht for shame!
And gude day! Tam will see me hame!"

The lads and lasses juist like bees,

Aboot the tent doors lauch and squeeze,
While roond the tables wit and tale
Seem makin room for pies and ale,
Auld freen's meet in wi' freen'ly faces,
Wha crack o' neebor folk and places,
Some plooin' match or harvest time,
Whar they did weel or stood the prime,
The scenes at nicht, a wee auld farn,
Amang the shearers in the barn,
Or storm-stay'd on some winter day,
When oot their Bothy-bole they lay,
And jamp to see amang the snaw
Their riddles on the blackies fa',—
And whar they're noo they like to tell
The pranks that back-a-year befell,
Wha's gotten men, and gotten bairns
In holy wed, or 'mang the faerns,
What milk— and a' aboot the coos—
The farmer's sonsy wife alloos,
When, if there's ane would jimp the measure,
They curse her wi' a richt gude pleasure;
Aboot the horses, hoo they draw,
Whups, shining harness, brass an' a',
When what delight it seems to raise
In him wha drives "the pair o' greys,"
Which e'en he lo'es wi' mair adae,
Than her he cuddles 'mang the strae,
Wha last nicht decked their manes an' tails
Wi' ribbons, like the sea-port sails
Upon a royal wedding morn,

Or when a little king is born ;
Tells a' aboot the little loon
Wha bocht the ribbons in the toon ;
Noo boltin pies or tryin a reel,
Or blaw'n his knife to test the steel,
Wi' whilk he'll slice a neep when dry
When on the haughs he herds the kye.—
Thus roond the tables a' day lang,
The sangs and clatters briskly gang.
And listen to that bull-like voice,
Whom yon Tent-Spirit bids rejoice,
In style young birkies lo'e to croon
Upon the hillsides bleak and broon,
Wha send auld Scotland from afar,
Bricht honours in the times o' war,
Whase bignets draw forth kind respecks
Frae polished climes and tribes o' Blecks !—

SONG.

ROB HOOIE'S RETURN.

Rob Hooie cam hame frae the blude-red wars,
After Alma's field was fochen,
And wi' some auld freends owre in Ceres toon
His burning drooth wad slochen,
Whar the "tappit hen" cam but sax times ben,
When auld love cam back sae keen O,
That he bang'd frae's seat like a Norlan Deil,
Wi' a vow to gae see his Jean O !

Chorus—His bonny Jean, his pawky Jean,
Owre a' the earth his dearest queen,
Wha sabbit sair when he was gane,
Wha sune will smile him back again.

While he skelpit awa' owre the lang hill-roads,
Wi' the Mune and the Stars a' blinkin',
The woods and the streams told their tales o' love,
Which set the bit laddie athinkin';
Auld thochts cam adancing across his mind,
With ilka remembered scene O,
And Rob was a king himsel' that nicht,
When gaun for to see his Jean O!
Chorus—His bonny Jean, &c.

But as he cam near to the muirland ha'
A muckle birsy dog cam gowlin' doon,
Which wadna alloo the bonny kilty lad
To come in aboot the farm-toon,
When he fixed the steel that aye cleared his way
Upo' his gun-end I ween O,
And gaed a bit ram doon the growler's throat,
Which wad hinder him frae Jean O!
Chorus—His bonny Jean, &c.

When mishap, as the brute's death-howl went forth,
Wha but the lairdie himsel' was naur,
Wha jump in his sark, and swore as he spiered
Why that he urgit sae fell a war,—
"Ye rogue! could ye no ta'en your gun's butt-end

To staive him aside bedeen O?"
"Yes, sir! had he chairged wi' his ain butt-end
For to keep me frae my Jean O!"
Chorus—His bonny Jean, &c.

By my guid faith, lads, but the Ceres breed
Tested sae weel as at Bannockburn,
Hae ne'er frae a dog or the Deevil yet
In a stand-oot fecht been kent to turn;
When bairnies they fecht roond the tawty-pat,
When halflins upon the Green O!
Fine practice for the lads that gang to the wars,
And Rob when he gangs to his Jean O!
Chorus—His bonny Jean, &c.

But the sodger saw that he micht be wrang,
Sae he left the cairlie there to ban,
Sair hearted because that a muckle thochtless dog,
Had coupit owre his happy plan.
Yet the lassocky she kent his kind voice again,
Sae they met when they werna seen O!
For he creepit awa back, and intil the big hay soo
Cuddled twa or three hoors wi his Jean O!
Chorus—His bonny Jean, his pawky Jean,
Owre a' the earth his dearest queen,
Wha sabbit sair when he was gane,
And smiled to see him back again.

But on they go wi' sang and blether,
Ere ane is dune up starts anither.

Some lass gets "fun and hamely cheer
Aroond the keg o' harvest beer;"
Meanwhile a body auld and spare,
Yet gleg and full of martial air,
Wi' high "Glengarry" theekit tight,
Sae bonny paned wi' red and white,
In tartan clad, a' clean and sleek,
And wi' a gude dram in his cheek,
Maun let us ken he, too, has been
Whar war and bluidy sichts were seen,
For wi' the tale o's cunning eye,
He saw's auld captain stap in bye,
Wha never hears auld Sandy's story
But baith get fou on mair than glory!
"Weel, nae, that sang ye warmly praise
Recals my young, my sodger days,
For gif Rob Hooie's blunderbuss
Played bang among the hordes o' Russ,
Mine's rang and opened mony a scar
Through a' the Peninsooly War,"—
Through which he gangs again in style
Battles and mairches mile by mile,
Crossing o' rivers, winds, and tides,
Picquets and tents on cauld hill-sides,
When, wi' a master's able stroke,
'Mid blude, and death, and cluds o' smoke,
He paints his captain, waves his swurd,
Repeats to life his every word,
"As on he urged us, and again
A pace or twa before his men!"

And when he comes to "dem'd Vittori,"
He bares his arm to shew his glory,
A bignet wound—though ance sae bluidy,
The best mark noo in a' his body—
He got when chairging—best o' sights!—
The Frenchmen frae Puebla's heights;
"But, lads, at famous Waterloo,
Oor captain twa-three dizzen slew,
When, as he slashed wi' little care,
Some hielant heads flew through the air;"
When breaks a voice as harsh as sour,
Gars a' the kintra bodies glour,
"Hullo, hullo!" the captain cries,
"Noné of your cursed infernal lies,"—
Altho' he's prood to hear him tell
Whate'er of glory then befell,—
"Or, Sandy, I may move your name
From pension-sheet and Ceres fame;"
But Sandy kens what pleases best,
And captivates the hero's breast,
"Oh, captain, beg your pardon, sir,
You're like the paitricks, quick to stir,"
He bawls in bold yet trusting tone,
Juist like a brither, flesh and bone,
For having battled side by side,
Between them there is nocht o' pride,
And sune the pair are cheek for jowl
Across the reeking toddy bowl,
Sanders enacting aye when dry,
Till slain wi' drink they fall and lie!

"Weel, Theta lad," quoth poet Pringle,
What do ye think o' that war-jingle?
Is there the least instruction there
To raise the man and sink the bear;
For, juist to set the kingdoms richt,
I trimmed my ulzie lamp by nicht."
"O! weel, Glenburnie, on my life,
It seems to blaw the coal o' strife,
While I would fainly spend my day
In love and peace at Kennoway,
Where, since I mind, in joys and tears
I've sung The Seasons of the years,
Watching with care since I begun
The rising and the setting sun,
Ne'er venturing though pooer was given,
Like Milton on a war in heaven,
Wi' knapsacks on the angels backs,
Wha chairge and fall by unseen whacks;
Ah, no! your poem on "The train"
Bespeaks a stronger, nobler brain,
Which will be praised wherever known,
When puir Glenburnie's dead and gone!"
And while he adds that future hearts
Will raise his statue in their marts,
To mark their love and duty plain
To him who sang the luggage train,
Glenburnie drops a heart-born tear,
And grasps his hand and gulps his beer,
When close they sit, wi' blude-shot eyes,
To blaw each ither up wi' lies,

When Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Burns,
Are held in pity in their turns!

But nature's arena a' alike,
Nae mair than bees within a bike,
Some sit and tell a canty tale,
Noddin' oure scones an' cogs o' ale;
Ithers maun curse, an' roar, an' blaw,
And battle wi' the very wa'!
There's Davie Dowie o' the dams
Gripin' the throat o' Sawndy Thams,
Wha twice cuist up that Davie wore—
Aye, at his very marriage splore!—
The cotton sarks, though auld and torn,
His wife's first man sae laug had worn,
When, as they fecht their utmost power,
Tables and tumblers rattle owre,
And mony a cloor gets Sawndy's head
For houkin up the silent dead!
Wen Peg hersel' she isna slack,
Wi'r umberella owre his back;
There's Baker Stewart, bent on fun,
Aye nippin' oot the tither bun
Frae Lizzie Paitrick's "market-fair,"
She gathered frae the lads wi' care,
And placed sae snugly in below
Till she would bundle up and go;
He has a lass on every side,
A bonny lass, and ane fu' glide,
But Jack could pass a merry time

Wi' vagrant queens frae ony clime,
And weel he treats a' roond aboot,
Till he has toom'd puir Lizzy's cloot,
Her ainsel' riving like the lave,
The while the youngsters scarce behave,
For she's sae wild if ance ye loss her,
To man or maid wha seeks to cross her,—
Here's Peel-the-reenge, a Lawwer loon,
The terror o' oor neebor toon,
Wha meets a client o' ither days,
To whom he smiles and frankly says—
For he is glad to save his croon,
By twa-three words o' kindness doon—
"Weel Tammas laddie need I speer,
What day your Coo will Cawv the year?
Falkland's a sheltered cozy clime,
And bund to hae her cawves to time."
But not a word does Tam reply,
But settles on his doorest eye,
Wi' clenchit lips, to let him see,
His "wiles will never more catch me;"
When as "the scoondrel" moves away,
Tam says "Gude gode! to name the day!
And her to cawv ahent the time,
A single day would been a crime,
For 'bund' was in amang his blether,
A hair wi' whilk he'd made a tether;
When a' his beagle-hound oppression,
Had landed's in the Coort O' Session,
For fraud and wilful imposition,

When horse an' swine, and Coo an' a,
Had gane to pay the rogues for law:
Gude faith lads! never risk your say,
To Lawwers mair than 'There's a day,'—
In corner snug some roving boys
Gang owre their nicht-exploits and joys,
When Boby Rochlie tells them hoo
His lassie up the window drew
(And that was little ill when dune,
For they were to be married sune),
But that auld Hector on the chain,
Had heard the dirlin on the pane
(Fit warning to the Maister's ear
That wander Jocks are on the steer),
And that when happy oors gaed by,
When Morning's Sun spread owre the sky,
When Chanticleer began to craw,
And Rob prepared to gang awa,
He mindit on auld Hector's bark,
As cauld he shivered in his sark,
For on the floor or on the chair,
His boots and claes were seen nae mair
Till at that season o' the year,
When Bogles owre the fields appear!
Sae on he flang his sweetheart's goon,
And flew amaist ayont the toon,—
There's lads like Badgers frae their lairs,
Wha live by girnin muckle hares,
Lang Buttercase and a' his gang,
Wha winna ken the wricht frae wrang;

And never would the doctrine own,
That game was sent for Lord's alone,
Noo raggin Forest Mitchell's life,
Or torturing his decent wife
Aboot the soup made frae the game
Her husband i' the spring brang hame;
For For wha plants and fells the trees,
Or stands and fends his face frae flees,
Had seized a hare doon Kemack wud,
Which Tam had crippled wi' a thud,
And hid it in a hole fu' sure,
Kennin the beast had got a cloor
And micht be claimed; when for the joke
Tam changed the spuilzie o' the poke,
Unseen by mortal at the game,
And lauched to see For mairchin hame,
Whar lood he swore by turns and grat,
When his Gude-wife hauld oot a cat,
Wha whispers noo, advised by Tam,
To gie "the soople Rogues" a dram,—
There's Jeemie More wha scarce is able,
To keep his red-head aff the table;
And dizzens mair as awfu' fou,
Wi' blue coats like a sea-gaun crew!
And Tammy Owsen,—gude be here,—
A man whase pride is in Sma'-Beer,
A' singing oot wi' glorious jar,
And beating time to "Braes O' Mar,"
Wi' juist a moment noos an' nan',
To raise the glass or frothing can,

Tam sneering at the whisky-crime,
" When Sma-Beer heats sae weel the wime,'
On which he puts his hand and smiles,
Forgetfu' o' his neebor's wiles,
A hielant Deevil o' a rogue,
Wha coups a glass in Tammy's cog,
Till he is fou ! aye to the bung,—
And canna weel control his tongue ;
But we maun go and see the dancin,
And horse and cuddies proodly prancin.

Frae tent to tent thrice ilka day,
The holy Tasters tak their way,
When, as they dinna pay for nane,
Its aye " Cap-oot " wi' ilka ane ;
And there they come in Indian file,
Canonical'd in glorious style,
The Priest because he is the Priest,
Wha maun at a' hands check The Beast,
The Elders ranged by warldly stock,
And last of a' auld Bethel Jock ;
When Publicans and Sinners quail,
Wha hae weak drams or damaged ale,
For oh ! it maks an unco clatter,
To hae your stuff poured down the water,
While he wha tries the blue-stane jice
Is in the jogges in half a trice,
Whar 'tween his rugging freends and foes,
He'll ken fu' weel hoo hangin goes,
But hark ye ! where the kirk is spry

Blaggirds will tremble ere they try!—
Losh guide us a'! quoth Jeemie Shain,
And here's the Tasters back again;
Oot shutes the hand o' Tammas Tod,
Familiar wi' "The Man o' God,"
(For Tam ye ken's a Laird fu' ceevil,
Can crack to Minister or Deevil),
When after spiering for ilk ither,
Tam shaks him like's he was a Brither,
And youts "But Minister ye brak
Your word that Sabbath-day ye spak,
Come forrit Tammas wi' the lave,
And get a lecture to behave,"
For the bit bairn o' bastard line,
That Deil taks if I ken was mine,—
"Ah! Tammas (and the twa grows hetter),
The less o' that for you the better,
The sheep ye sent in lieu o' sinnin
Was scarcely worth, my Freend, the skinnin,"—
When Shain's tent packit to the door,
Sets up an irreligious roar,
The while the Tasters ane and a',
In triumph tak themselves awa,
The Bethel scarcely getting time,
To pour the drappie in his wime.

But listen to that preaching voice,
Above the merriment and noise,
Which, as it breaks upon the air,
Maks mony a clown to gape and stare,

On Doctor Grouse who e'en would raise,
His voice to gain the Devil's praise,
So keen is he to preach and yell,
That he will yet haud forth in Hell,—
"Shame on ye all! but chiefly those,
Who in the Church Courts cock their nose,
(Seceder-chaps and churchmen all),
Yet down this day to Satan fall,
Who beg and rage on Sabbath-days,
As if it was a part of praise,
For siller-bings to send abroad,
To bring the heathen back to God,
While yearly this ungodly scene,
Is taking place on Ceres Green,
This Gathering that always proves,
The surest cause of thoughtless loves,
The dancings raise so sweet a flame,
On lads and lasses linkin hame!
Ay! lives are here, who had not been,
But for some day on Ceres Green!—
Then shame to all these heartless Priests,
Who yet attend these sensual feasts,—
The Great have left such scenes behind,
The glory's gone since I can mind,
No gallants of the Norman breed,
Now come to dance or urge their speed!
No high-born ladies young and gay
Now add their glories to the day!
None but the common riff-raff meet
To mouth and caper with the feet,

To see some old horse run the races,
With tears atrickling down their faces,
To do some trifling penny shows,
Or come with some "old prig" to blows,
Who sells the purse of "black half-crowns,"
For five white shillings to the clowns!
When as he cried "Nor will I spare,"
His arms swung backwards in the air.

E'en while auld Thow the cankert carl
Wha cocks his head like ony Earl,
Followed by little tag-rag Deils,
Ca's lads and lasses to the reels,
The Minister with gleaming eyes,
Unto the loose harangue replies,
Nerved by the proud-like rum-ti-tum,
That comes frae Dawvid's reekit drum,
Which ae time got a bluidy dose,
Up at the Seige O' Badajoz!
For nae less than fowr Ceres men,
Fell beating on its hender-en :—
"Grouseorum! and your kind as well,
May all for me go down to Hell,
Those who do boast of Norman blood,
While ours goes backward past The Flood,
Who look with haughty cold disdain,
Upon the social rustic train,
And thereby lose the happiest flow,
Of mirth that man spends here below,
Poor feckless creatures of a clime,

Who scarce can stand a Scottish rime,
Who must have gained their footing here,
When Saxon Boors were dazed wi' Beer,
For I am sure frae Clown to Prince
I could hae lickit three at yince,
My Certes! and they'll crack o' blude,
O' highborn thought and hardihude,
But let a foreign war break out,
And see what lads will tak the gout,—
Whom Folk maun thresh as at a bike,
Although they are not all alike,
For some are brave by shot and shell,
And hamely as a Cottar's sel!—
But tell them that we dinna want
Their pompous presence or their cant,
That on oor Green we dance oor reels,
Wi' nocht but Nature in oor heels,
In love to lads lang dead and gane,
Wha would hae gar'd them pike a bane!
Oor speaking een, oor wamfing arms,
To lovers hearts the wale o' charms,
Throuither a' the kinds o' puir,
Toon's-folk and bodies frae the Muir,—
Sooters and Grocer's jads in pairs,
Masons and Weaver Quines wi' airs,
Ploomen and Farmers side by side,
And rosy Dochters free o' pride,—
Yes! mark hoo they are "A' at hame,"
And look on Gentry balls wi' shame,
Yet tell them that I join my Folk,

Juist as a shepherd tends his Flock
When me and a' my Elder clan,
Aye stap up a' the slaps we can,
Though we may smile to see a clown,
Expect a Pound for half-a-crown,
So take your ways ye flunkey loon,
If ye regard your auld grey croon!—

"My Certes! Minister, quoth Thow,
A gude thick Cudgel owre the pow
Was far afore a wordit Sermon,
For knockin doon yon kind o' vermin,
But ye are surely waur than fou,
The chield that spak's awa ere noo,
Whene'er his trash gard Billies glour,
The chair and him gaed birlin owre,
When you should warsled near the loon,
But faith I think he's up the toon!

Noo Stude tips up his Clarionette,
The last reel aye comes reekin het,—
The sign his Band-mates ken fu' weel,
That he desires a hearty reel,
When Scotia's sweet soul-stirring strains,
Bear off our souls to Battle-plains!!
But mark the Bandsmen high and dry,
Fire glancing in each rolling eye,
With strong impress upon each face,
That they are of a warlike race,
Their bonnets cockit to the side,

Their richt feet first in manly pride,
Their nodding heads as if to tell
They'd gang to meet the fiends o' Hell,
Their swelling nostrils telling plain,
They'd carena wha cam back again.

Noo Drummer Thow beats up agen,
To let baith Jew and Gentile ken,—
While high he cocks his auld black face,
Owre which creeps mony a queer grimace,—
Juist like a halyon suppin curds,
He taks sic moothfu's o' the words,
That "Gif it be the Deevil's will,
Since Dancers een hae danced their fill,
Oor gaun to hae the lang fit-race,
Three times aroond The Sawcred Place,
An Institootion which arose
To fit oor youths to hunt oor foes;
An' me wha's ca'd by Priest and lummer,
Auld Maister Thow the Ceres Drummer,
Was duly disciplined to say,
That Ceres Parliament this day
Enackit that nae Cupar face
Need set its nose for sic a race,
Because they're sic a damble set,
As e'er on Ceres Green was met!"

Davie! you're swearing bawls the Priest,
The black tail o' the unco Beast,
And it is friendship unco queer

That your best Friend will gar ye swear,
When weel he kens as weel he may,
They'll roast ye for't some ither day.

Ou! Minister, ye ken fu' fine,
The Deil's your Freend as weel's he's mine,
Bow-wowed and set him wha could tell,
That he could swear at times his-sel,
"And Lurd! while up his shouthers fleechin,
But I ne'er spak when he was preachin,"
As aff he rowed for a' maun ken,
About "the race by fule-grown men;"
While Broon is flying stick in air,
To form his Racer-mental Square,
His lum-hat back upon his neck,
His lang grey beard a total wreck;
Driving and knocking Carlies doon,
His gestures and his words in tune,
As if he'd got to quell sic strife
A call frae a' the Lords o' Fife,
Till roond the braes and by the burn,
Folk are sae wedged they scarce can turn.

Forrit a score o' swankies gangs,
Some looking soor, some croonin sangs;
With sidelong glance and look austere,
Broon marks their claes as each draws near,
Like Noah wi' his sea-gaun stock,
He's pickin oot the Cupar folk;
First ane then ithers in a crack,

For weel he kens the Cupar mak !
Sae loose and wrinkled lies the pile,
Compared wi' Ceres Sodger style ;
But aye they keep anourward rammin,
Straikin and gripin hard and dammin,
When what a blow gies Jeemie Bell,
And wild Rob Lonie's aff to Hell,
For Jeems, a seventh vial man,
Straiks o'ot whaur ithers stand an' ban
Whereat the Ceres Dons rejoice ;
But soon is heard a squeaking voice :—
"No, no ! he's aye in Ceres yet,
In Ceres burn a' dreepin wet,"
Thankfu', nae doot, he held the turn,
And only lichtit i' their burn !
And there's a Neegur frae the shows,
Juist like a kail-pat wi' a nose,
At which Broon stares and cocks his lugs,
As at ane shaping for the Jogges,
Whereof he thinks he sees behind,
A Cupar dodge to raise the wind ;
"But aha ! (and he winks his e'e),
A slaik o' paint 'ill no cheat me,"—
"Na, Broon, auld Sawndy Suttie says,
That's been a miner a' his days,"—
And glowrin closer in his face,
"Ah ! yes, he's o' the Largo race,
In coal-pits bred to wark and tashin,
But Deil-a-fear o'm i' the washin,
Or Jossy Cook wha kills the swine

Could giem a scrape gin nicht fu' fine,
Sae dinna pit him past his mark,
Because the body's like his wark,"—
Yet Broon cries "hame, and wash your face,
And dinna think to cheat the race,
Nane but oor Ceres bairns shall rin,
And Muirland lads their Freends and kin,"—
When, in a rage, the Afric loon
Claims as his birth-place Ceres toon!
Some thirty years syne in a show,
And names the Doctor who should know,
And smiles as he recals some jokes
His mother told of Ceres Folks,
How that the old wives took the track,
Wi' stools and house-gods on their back,
And how they round about stood starin
Upon the wee black squealing bairn,
And cut that sign withheld from knaves,
And all unknown to low-born slaves!
When Broon maun own a wee forlorn,
"The Deil in Ceres toon was born."

Peace! blear-eyed Peace! returns once more,
When Broon bawls oot to "toe the score,"—
When oot a wooden leg is presst
Wi' youth and vigour 'mang the rest,—
And with the cry "once, twice and thrice,"
They gang aff skelpin in a trice,
And at the first pole shuv an' shouther,
For at the start they're a' thegither;

Ilk ane mair keen-like on the race,
As shewn in each proud fiery face,
But soon twa soople weaver wichts,
Wha hae been oot a month o' nichts
Testing their speed on level grund,
And up the braes their strength o' wund,
Gang aff like deers along the bent
And leave the pechin rest ahent,
Three kilty sodgers on come pinnin,
Better at stickin Sikhs than rinnin,
The Sooter tries his utmost speed,
The Mason hammers like a steed,
The Blacksmith bites his lips wi' pain,
The Darkie fallows up in vain,
Yet confidence that face adorns
Which would hae been complete wi' horns,
The Teelyer,—trimmed like ane frae France,—
Wha had been catchit in the Manse
At late oors whar he shouldna been,
Wi' boots aff noo is on the Green,
For Joseph made him face to face
Come gude that he would rin this race,
Or marry Kate this very year
Gif ocht alairming should appear,
Or tak the road to Cupar Jail,
Which made the body quake an' quail;
Puir silly Craitur flesh an' bane,
But that's a lauch to mony a ane,
Is doon already on the grund
Like some auld Bag-pipes oot o' wund,—

A dizzen gude hae ceased to speel,
At which the croods are sneering weel,
And John De Lyre is ane I'm sure
Wha raced the hail-storm owre the muir,
Keeping befor'd he set sae doon
Frae Tarvit wuds to Ceres toon,
When, like a Victor fain "to craw,"
He bowed and bade the tempest blaw;
But, ah! he is a Shaver Johny
Can tell a muckle lee wi' ony,—
While Mistress Philp and Mistress Roy
Are shakin hands wi' very joy!
Their men hae never slacked their pace
Since they began to lead the race,
But gather speed like hill-side balls,
And they will get the tartan shawls,—
"Eh! Mistress Philp we daurna mair
Their forenoon slice o' bawcon spare,
For as they tell't us honest things
Ham creesh is fine for muscle strings,
Till they're as swift upon the legs
As Hunter Walker's yearlin staigs,
And as for strength Tam gaes a fricht
Juist at the dead oor o' the nicht,
He dreamed he ran and as he sped
Ca'd aff the fit-board frae the bed,
When on the floor my lad played smack
Wi' a' the blankets on his back,—
An', eh! I think I see us twa
Wi' red shawls spankin doon the raw;

When women folk at Kirk or Fair,
Will envy what they see an' mair,
For it is fame denied who can,
To have a soople decent man,"—
"But, I've a dread, she whispers in,
The cloot o' Tam's breek's rather thin,
He should a haen his Sabbath pair,
Lume-breeks are chackit aye sae sair,
For I had no ide' they flew,
And struggled that wye till the noo,
Or I would made this mornins wark
Sure proof against a raggit sark,"—
"Toots, ooman! quoth her neebor Bell,
There's nane ta'en up excep' yoursel,
Hae faith, but it would gie you ail
To see a Coo without a tail."

But mony a brood on mony a tree,
At sunset carols blyth and free,
That ere the morning sun comes round,
Is hawked; and strewn upon the ground,
That cozy home, the parent-pair
Had built with kind instinctive care,—
And mony a Cushat leaves the grove
At morn, o'er fruitful fields to rove,
But slaughtered on the lowland plain,
Will never cheer its young again,—
And mony a lass gangs to the Fair
To find her lad a gawky there,
When, drunk as Bacchus, he will dance

To some black organ-lad frae France,—
And mony a Fish-wife guts their tak
When boat and crew will ne'er come back,
Counts whar the bairns for "things" will go,
When a' her stay is doon below,
Sae fickle is the god of joy!
Yet Mistress Philp and Mistress Roy
Will hae their shawls upon their backs,
And hear how ilka auld wife cracks,
Ere ends the race and rampant fun,
For still there is a roond to run,—
Anither roond, though short the date,
Anither roond sae big wi' fate,—
For on, the lang black stranger comes,
Till he may vex the men o' thrums,
He wha was bidden twice sit doon,
Wha looked sae like a feckless loon,
And as he passes Smith an' Mason,
Sooters and Sodgers harder racin',
Juist like for speed a Craigha' deer,
The crood sets up a roosing cheer,
When, three yards frae the winning post,
He jumps, and never gies a host,
Clean owre the little weaver's head,
Wha had sae proodly taen the lead
When frae the hearty roaring square
Gangs up a shout that rends the air,—
At which ongaun the weavers' wives
Rue half the gude-deeds o' their lives,
The lumps o' ham, the monthly mite,

To spread abroad the Gospel light,—
"Assure ye, and that's what we've made,
A bonny curse upon oor head,
On decent folk a gey disgrace,
By bringing in the heathen race;
But by my word, I will be plain,
To Miss Yule when she comes again."

Again auld Thow gangs roond the course
To summon forth the racing horse,—
A bonny sicht, they say, lang syne
Wi' Ceres Sodgers o' the line,
The noble brutes and men new hame,
Frae Banno's Field o' blude an' fame,—
Yet forrit trots young Gilston Nell,
Wha's gaun to ride her horse her'sel,
Bare-backit and her beast astride,
As ony honest queen may ride,
Her big red cheeks and gowden' hair,
Like fire flauchts streaming through the air;
Fallowed by ither three cart naigs,
Which never ran a-field when staigs,
But, yokit on life's early morn,
Held wind and water aye in scorn,
And frae the Coal-hills brang awa
As muckle as their legs could draw,—
Sae dinna wonder though ye see,
A thick swalled leg or broken knee;
And, mark, there's ane that lost its tail—
Noo back'd by lang Nathawniel Trail,

A Cadger a' the wye frae Crail—
Ae day when in The Fife Light Horse,
A very fierce and warlike Force,
Juist as they charged alongs a bent,
And slashed their muckle swurds ahent!
So gin it rins as fast the day,
Its sure to tak the Cup away,
For, as the rump gaed slicing through
Aff "like a shot" the charger flew,
Out oure the dykes and burns that lay
Sae fear-some-like upon its way,
The Cornels "Halt! Halt!!" heard in vain,
For Dick would not look back again,
When horse and Rider but be shot,
The Cornels wrath noo waxed so hot,
Yet rage to laughter changed anon,
When the Deserter's case was known,
For as he rode it wasna kent
His mair had left her tail ahent,—
There's auld Jeems Lumsden on "auld Rory,"
A Cairter and an awfu' sorry,
Wha mony a time by Pratis wuds,
Owrewhelmed wi' nicht and murky cluds,
Has had to join in bluidy strife
When askit for his purse or life;
But up frae Largo lank or lame,
The Stuffy Carrier aye cam hame,
For if his dog is not at hand,
He swings his rack-pin like a wand,
And weel we mind upon the Muir

He left vile Dawndy firm and sure,
To settle wi' his Bull-dog Kate,
As he himself had fixed his fate,
When as his Cairtie drave awa,
He growled amid the falling snaw,
" Ye thought my lassie was at hame,
Ye cam sae bold like on your game,
Sae though ye plead, or groan, or yell,
Ye'll hae to sort wi' Kate your-sel!
When if your worried Deil-may-care,
For to your word you'll 'rob nae mair,'
Yet I will tell your anxious wife,
Whar last I saw her man in life,
Sae cheenged in's views that lood he swore,
That he would never rob no more,"—
And there's a powny frae Pitlessie,
The Minister's ain Marey Jessie!
Which trots him roond amang the hills
To see his flock and sooth their ills,
E'en though it be their Simmer Fast,
The Bethel cried " the dye is cast,"
A holy war had torn his breest,
Yet nothing but he would be East;
And having steeked the poopit door,
And slippit owre the passage floor,
And while the Songsters screwed their faces
The lad rode aff to Ceres Races!
For, as he says amid his glee,
" What is a Parish Kirk to me
Juist in the very bloom o' life,

Wi' drains and orra wark sae rife,
When at the maist he'll sulk and rail
But daurna send me to the Jail;
As, when I took the beast in care,
He bawnd me owre to gae't the air,"—
But frae yon Circus comes a horse
That should be champion o' the course,
A thorough-bred Arabian bay,
Which in its pride begins to neigh;
Ay, baith the horse and pentit Fule,
Gang sneering by ilk Cart horse snule,
Till Ceres kindness for a stranger,
May burst without a sign o' danger;
His tongue betrays the English breed
Wha sits sae scornfu' on this steed,
Wha has their unco fauts upturned,
But "love" wi' Nell "was aye returned,"—
"My man," she says, "this scabbit mane
A stranger micht hae let alane,
And Deevil's business! you should know,
Whether that I wear breeks or no!
Gude fegs! ye'll better mind in time
The harryism o' oor clime,
And learn a lesson frae the turn,
We played your Freends at Bannockburn!"

"O! Bannockburn is all your boast,
But what on Flodden Field was lost,
Did not your glory fall at last,
Before the Southern fiery blast?"

"Oor glory fa'? Ye silly brat,
Ye might sae sae to haud the chat,
Yet ye have heard of Flodden ring,
Which focht like teegers roond their King,
When sore oot-numbered by a foe,
Which trembled while it dealt its blow,
Where Death alone could quell the Scot,
Where not a flinch oor fame would blot,
But till the nicht cam, firmly stood
And held their grund till soaked in blood;
You English rins, but name that clan,
Which ever frae a fair Field ran,"—
While twa-three sticks hang owre his Croon,
Anither yout had fushen doon,
When Beelyie Broon wi' twa-three words,
Gangs through his foreign sowl like swurds;
Yet cautions wi' his polished air
The Ceres Cairters to be fair,
Daming the lads to fecht are fain
Like English Warriors five to ane;
"Come, come, my English Friend and dear,
None of your pranks o' Derby here,
Look on and mind your ain bit horse,
Remembering this is Ceres Course!
Or, by my faith and Fayther's lugs,
I'll clap your neck in Ceres Jogges,"—
While roond his head he brings his cane,
Which gars the boldest cry awmain.

"Ye're mounted Helen! quoth the Priest,

And gude luck to ye and your beast,
Not many of the tender Sex.
At hunt or race will risk their necks,
Which makes me fain that lass to croon,
Wha ventures up and on aboon,"—
Juist as he elbows through amang
A raither mair than noisy thrang,
But ere that Helen can reply,
Her heart is startled by a cry
Frae her bit dyke-side half-daft Son,—
"Minister, will my mither won?
She hasna spurs like that braw lad,
But juist a needle for a gaud,"—
When mony a lauchin e'e an' sad
Are turned upon the witless lad,
And Helen More affronted sair,
And cockin up her neive in air,
Cries, "Weesht ye Boog or I'll come doon
And catch and lick ye through the town,
Eh, laddie! and her lips gang smack,
Is that the wye to Priests to crack!"
Yet true enough, though oot o' sicht,
Her whip-shaft end was glancing bricht.

Where's Thow? ay Dawvid tip the bell,—
Ay, oo, ay, Teelyir, bell yoursel,
If ye'll command me like a loon,
When I'm head Bell-man o' the Toon!
Me! wha was foreign fechtin faes
When you was stride-legs shapin claes,—

An' don' ye see wha's for the Races,
Anour an' rankit in their places,—
Lad! gin ye'd play your pairt like me,
Ye yet micht tak the Ceres e'e,
And get if drooth your body spare,
This Coat o' grand designs to wear,
Whereat the Teelyir gies a glour
Would ca' an ordnar person owre,
For Davie he was ne'er sae ill,
But he could stand anither gill.

Noo Broon bids a' the horsemen draw
Their horses Noses in a raw,
When at the third wave o' his cane,
They scamper aff aroond the plain,
When as they tak the first richt wheel,
Plunging as they would dance a reel,
Most wildly snorts the Arab horse,
And backward wheels within the Course,
As if Nell's daurner, we suppose,
Had giend a joggie on the nose,
But roond the red Fule turns again,
And up the Coorse goes micht an' main,
When, aye as they would pay a toll,
They slack awee at ilka pole,
Sae as his speed will bear nae test,
He sune is forrit 'mang the rest,
When, while her features jerk and quiver,
Some mair determined like than ever,
Nell plunges swift her needle-whip

Fowr inches in the Arab's hip,
When, and in stead o' roond the turn,
They bolt like Jehu through the burn,
Flinging ahent them cluds o' stoor
Till near the tap o' Ceres Muir,
The folk believing a' the time
The Fule was for a warmer clime,
Without his lang queer hat, which now
Adorns the Drummer's toosy pow,—
Noo fun and fury mark the race
Alternate on each gaping face,
As if their big pork-fortunes lay,
Upon the black, or broon, or grey,
Robbers! Robbers!! the Carrier cries,
When puir auld Rory maistly flies,
No that she cares aboot her-sel,
But, O! she lo'es her Rider well,—
Nathawnial gies the tither thump
Upon the bare protruding stump,
When oot she goes wi' a' her speed,
As fast as ony Rawbian steed,—
The powny bickers faster still
Than e'er it took Pitlessie hill,
Pressing on, onwards to the goal,
The while his Minister fu' droll,—
Though not a smile disturbs his face,—
Preaches that sowls maun run a race!
Till young and auld will yet adore,
Auld Bethel Johny more and more,—
Nelly is neist, and gude be here,

The English Jiber wadna spier,
Gif he could see her bounding so
Whether the lass wore breeks or no,
For auld and young like mild M'Cheyne,
"See scenes they ne'er might see again,"
Of horse-man-ship within that round,
More hazardous than hunting-ground.

But, lo! a beast at ilka turn
Spouts up the braes or through the burn!
Awa as if a thoosand Deils,
Were roaring rattling at their heels,
Till Nell can ca' the course her ain,
Far followed by an unco train,
While man and brute are touched wi' awe,
As horse and horseman birrs awa,
And Thow declares it is his mind,
"There's something damble in the wind!"

Yet loathe to win an idle race,
Nell checks awee her racing pace,
Her fellow-cairters filled wi' hope,
Gie ilka cripple "Dick" the rope,
Till they are in a raw wi' Nell,
When aff she goes again pell-mell,
When ilka tail on ilka end,
Cocks wi' a strange triumphant bend,
Till it would be a task to tell
Which o' the lads will stick to Nell,
When she shall urge her utmost pace,

To tak the honours o' the race,
For it is said that cockin tails,
Are signs o' pluck that seldom fails.

Harsh voices bawl oot here and there,
That whiles cry "Herrin" through the Fair,
Or jaws a Neebor at the hill,
While he his Coal-cairts deftly fill,
Unto their favourites as they pass,
Tossing ahent them tufts o' grass,
"Let him oot Roby," "gie her rein,"—
"Slap at the auld jads ribs again,"—
To beasts whase hides are cut and torn,
To beasts that hae mair need o' corn!
Yet seem by every bound to ken,
They are admired by dogs and men.

But Nelly wha was bent on fun,
Is likely to be ridden done,
The leading horse, no half sae fast,
A beast she needna litten past,
Is joggit owre far roond the turn,
To send him splashing through the burn,—
Is joggit in a tender place,
Which weel micht change a fated race,
Micht gar a gie auld cripple naig,
Lift wi' the swiftness o' a staig,—
For like a fury doon the course
He scuds and is the winning horse!
When Nelly, scarce a length behind,

Flings up her reins upon the wind,—
An act of daring, who may dare
Will juist like careless Nelly fare,
For "Darlin" rolls upon the Green,
His fowr feet glances in the sheen,
And for contempt and careless jokin
Her leg aboon the knee is broken!
And she wha deeviled every Rider
That ever risked his skin beside her,
Noo groans upon the Ceres butts
Like some auld Soo wi' rumble-guts,
When cheers arise, but little main,
For none but Nelly finds the pain,
Yet some young kindly Birkies beg,
To see the bonny lassie's leg.

The auld blind Fiddlers sweep their strings,
The air wi' grand discordance rings
(While Nell is borne away wi' care,
To Aunty Jess at Jogges-law Square),
Strong bass and squeaking voices jine
As when a hound-pack meets wi' swine,—
Black ballad-folk wi' sweet blue een,
A fell-like set are on the Green,
Yet great Gilfillan stops to say
"Young Angels who have lost their way!"

Yet rowting high aboon the din,
Thow bids the Cuddies venture in,
"But, mind! its no the common breeds

Wi' bannets cockit on their heads,—
When the auld Rascal gies a leer
Towards some Dawndies standing near,
Wha, whiles their ill-set pride to croon,
Deny their mithers i' the toon,
As if gude calico should loss
Its decent name at Cupar Cross,—
"And that oor Folk may learn the lesson,
Frae grey-haired Jock to youngest Messen,
Which Baulim set us lang ago,
Though he of Ceres did not know!
That it should aye be Man's first study,
Never to beat his ain puir Cuddie,
Each lad his Neebor's beast shall ride,
That each may save his ain brute's hide,—
For when the blaggird tanned its back,
His sickly conscience rose and spak,
When roond it gloured, as Donkey's can,
As muckle as to say 'My Man,"—
And yet we see it tell its case
By tears that roll adown its face,
For weel we ken it couldna speak
In onything like decent Greek,
Except we think it cam aboot
As Showmen through a trumpet toot,—
And whatna Cuddy comes last in,
The doorest, slowest brute shall win!
Or better still, unmoved by pain
It stands! like ane cut out o' stane,
Beholding mankind wi' disdain!"

Anour sax solemn creatures crawl,
At which the thochtless shuv and haul,
Whase heads are decked wi' yellow broom,
And tufts o' roses full in bloom,—
The first beast backit by a budy
Wha maks his living by his Cuddy,
Wha stouts upon a wooden leg
And though hard up disdains to beg,
At least while stooks o' corn and hay
Are in the fields by nicht and day,
Na! na! his Mither, noo she's dead,
Tell'd him the richteous begs nae bread.

The last twa brutes nae Deil will stride them,
Their very owners winna ride them,
Stand roond an' glunsh gey red o' face,
Full nervish owre a public race,
Upon the beast that spends its days
Upon their glebes in silent praise,—
Lads that get hunders ilka year,
To ride the Mairch that's markit clear,
And yet altho' since Baulim's nicht,
Jerooslem saw anither sicht!
Though pride should be but seen in Sinners,
Wha hae big Cook-an-Flunkey dinners,
Wha scarce would wi' young Angels dine,
Yet guzzle "Carnal things" like swine,
Whase pride-o'-life is wholly cast
Upon some Robbers of the past,—
There's not twa denty Lairdly budies,

Will come and say they'll mount the Cuddies.

Come ye! come ye! the Preachers cry,
But not a sowl will stap in bye,—
"Hoot toots!" quo Broon wi' grinning face,
"You Ministers maun ride this race,
The glory-road ye aye maun tell,
Tho' Deil-a-fit ye steer your-sel,—
Yet what mair you by common budies,
Should mount your great historic Cuddies,
The brutes that crop your glebes at ease,
Some like your Honours gin ye please!"
When Thow beats up his drum wi' joy,
And three cheers rise anent the ploy.

They argie bargie fast and sair,
But we maun e'en a moment spare
To see the lass at Jogges-law Square!
A Woman's leg is worth the blether
O' Beelyie Broon an' them thegether.

Ah! not a moment is our own,
We live and that is all that's known,
But case good people say we rave,
We add "upon this side the grave,"
And that by "yon grave-side," we mean
The side that is not to be seen,—
Fit warning till each Meg and Tam
To use their time and ware the dram,
To carry briskly on the ploy,

Where Man alone may taste of joy!
There! lively Nelly lies her lane,
Upon a bed o' keenest pain,
Strong hands noo haud the lass anour,
For raving, she will be atour,—
The Doctor dons his gravest face
To tell how serious is the case,
The while he strachts the broken bane,
While a' the auld wives mak their mane
(Which they dae owre and owre agen,
As ilka Veesitor comes ben),
While Poet Pringle, bard divine,
Wha made the Scobe, noo rins the twine
Up linkin frae the bottom hole,
And firmly as the flesh will thole,
When aff "to hell" Nell sets them birr,
"To dinna think they'll play wi' her,"
Tosses her head, then lauchs again,
And cries "you Ceres bairns are fain
To touse Folk aulder than your-sel
Ere ye hae sense to drive the Mell,"—
Her ain the only laddie there,
Noo sitting greeting on a chair,
But Pringle is a chield wha dings
The feck o' Doctors at they things,
And though "the Foreshot," that the loon
Would hae to rub the swelling doon,
Maist maks the Poet blink an' reel,
He's scobbing Nelly's leg fu' weel,
While on he goes wi' twa-three rhymes

To celebrate the trying times,—
When, like puir Theta ere he burst,
He thinks upon the rhyme-words first,
Then filleth in the thochts that roll
Juist as a Sooter packs a Sole,—
"Man's life is as a tender flower,
Sweet blooming in its native bower,
That in one moment droops and dies,
When rime-breath o'er the Kingdom flies;
This morning saw my love sae trig,
Wha noo has got a broken leg,
But gin she cripples, never mair
She'll gang wi' me to tak the air,
And we've spent mony a happy day
On Cairn-green Blae-berry brae!"
When Nell bawls looder than before,
"Set that Rhyme Deevil to the door!"
Then turning from that lucid gleam,
Like one who has a settled dream,
"His legs and trigs that never reest,
Will gar me tum'le aff my beast."

But what a din is in the Square,
The windocks a' are up for air,
Enough to turn the woman's brain,
When she would sleep she starts again,
Rages and reins aye at her horse,
As if she raced aroond the course,—
Or bids they black men mind their ain,
And not to flee on her again,—

Though near-hand knockit owre the hill,
Puir thing she thinks she's riding still!
A little hell is roond the Jogges,
O' drucken wives, an' Cowns, an' dogs,
Raging and barking dog and wife,
As if they'd tak Grouseorum's life,
Wha lost without apparent qualm
His patience, and began to dam
Whene'er the wives began to clatter,
And fling their blue-soap-suddy water!
In which their sweaty sarks were steepit,
That had, on purpose dire, been keepit,
When, as ilk pailfu' sweeps the air,
A spare auld daft-wife combs her hair,
And cries oot, mindfu' o' her doom,
"Pity the flechs that canna soom!"
A Monomaniac made to murn
Her laddie drooned in Craigha' burn,—
Yet still he battles for the Faith,
A Martyr socked in soapy graith,
And "dams the bard" wha brocht him there,
Wi' sic a grip o's lang grey hair,
When he lost his hat and near his croon,
For th' running o' Ceres Races doon!
When, judging o' the Budy's case,
An aith is in its vera place,—
"O! ye infernal heathen Crew,
Wha's chained me up here like a Coo!
Me! wha has spent my better days,
Your very heathen state to raise,

But, after this,—the truth I tell,—
I'll let the heathen gang to Hell,
For if there's to be such a Place,
Ye best deserve it wi' a grace!
"Bulloo! now drop that soapy water,
And let us reason owre the matter,
Eh! me! to think I've crossed the Seas,
To bring the Germans to their knees,
Been praised and envied for my pains,
And God help me! like Paul in chains!
Beside that black-faured Tinkler chiel,
Wha would forge half-croons on the Deil
Frae pennies wi' his silvereezin,
The time an ordnar Sumph was sneezin,—
Me! wha has dined and shookin hands
Wi' th' greatest men o' foreign Lands,
Ay, slept wi' Bishops at the Nore,
So near that I could hear them snore!
Far greater Preachers, lads, than Paul,
Or ony ither since the Fall,
Whase Anecdotes, they tell sae weel,
My word! would maist convert the Deil."

A roond-faced tyro o' the Mell
Cries, "Doctor! could they beat yoursel?"
To which, weel-pleased, he maks reply,
"I'll no say that!" and winks his eye,
Which gars the auld wives lauch an' clatter,
When wheesh! there goes a pail o' water,
And ane cries oot "You chaps that roam,

Would dae as weel to bide at home,
For Sailors tell, when far away,
Ye only serve the Lord by day,
An' gin the nicht comes, unco ceevil,
Ye whiles tirn roond an' sairs the Deevil,—
That when ye think o' coming hame,
Ye mak up Stories for a name,
O' Indian Palaces and Halls,
O' grawnd auld Pictures on the Walls,—
Hoo mony Fowk ye gart believe,
Intil the Deevil cuddlin Eve,
Until he wiled her on his knee
To pu' the apples aff the tree!
Her bonny white hands slippin doon,
Red-cheekit anes to ilka loon,—
The muckle fowk ye daily met,
An' hoo they prayed whaur beef was set,
Aye snowkin near some rich Man's house,
Strong i' the Nose for roastit grouse,
Wi' braw black claes and gowden rings,
Unlike the humble King O' Kings,
Which gars us think ye only care
Aboot yoursels and naething mair,—
For gin ye lo'ed the sowls like toddy,
Ye would dae something for the body,
Would preach oor wawges up a Croon,
And Vittles juist as muckle doon!"
Yet there's a feeling Kintra chap,
Will share his Porter and his bap,
When puir Grouseorum blinks his eyes,

And mutters something to the skies,
Then to the lad "Your row I'll eat,
But I would never wash my feet
Wi' the best Porter e'er cam doon
Frae muckle drucken Lunnin toon!"
"I daursa no! ye Deil o' drooth,"
And rammed the Coggie till his mooth,
Clenched as it was wi' horrid grace,
Till owre it washed the Doctor's face,
When the kind Rustic wi' a care,
Redds back the Doctor's lang grey hair,
Wha still maintains through thick and thin
"That Porter shouldna wash his skin!"
"Nor mines ye brute! quo Jock fu' sly,
Sae langs my thrapple gangs sae dry,"—
Ho! ho! quo ane, it's cheenged days noo,
Since ye could drink yoursel gey fou,
Amang a batch o' lads o' knowledge
Wha hailed frae auld St Andrews College,
An' dae ye mind, aye brawly fine,
O' pentin Whusky-Gourlay's sign,
To carry on the drucken splore,
When a' your purses ran ashore,
When on the auld board sprang a teegur,
Within a forest chawn a Neegur,
When Rob but choose it chained at rest,
Or rampant, which he thocht the best,—
An' sic a brute! wi' fiery eye,
That bairns for safety hurried by,
Which stood and growled a month or twa,

But wi' the first shooer ran awa!
For Rob but hae him free to scoor,
Aye seekin whom he micht devoor,
Sae he was made the lauchin-stock,
O' a' the wives o' drucken folk,
And Doctor ye replied fu' known,
"What brute would bide a storm like yon!"
Though weel the birkies kent the while,
They didna gie their pent nae ile,—
"Bulloc!! is that they suds again,
Ye're splashier than the Baltic Main,
But holy folk maun tak the clatter,
And this or feet ways walk the Water!
On wi' the suds, quo Betty More,
To him wha heard the Bishops snore,
The Wasp to gie his Freendies woonds,
By tirnin up their midnicht soonds,
And wad pretend, the soople rogue,
He couldna toom a Porter Cog,
On wi' the suds, and haud the clatter,
My fegs! we'll gar him walk the Water!

But laddie we maun mend oor pace,
If we would see the Donkey race,
Yet twa-three skips sune brings us richt,
The Skirling Green is on oor sicht,
The croods are surging like a Sea,
Where grief is drooned 'mid waves o' glee,
For oor auld Priest sae stout and ruddy,
Agreed to race the wee-kirk Cuddy,

And there they funk, and cry he! ho!
For Devil a donkey cares to go!
Meanwhile sax rungs come doon wi' whack,
Which maks the Cuddies rear and tack.

The Parish Priest wi' cheer an' chide,
Is up on "Erskine's" toosy hide,
A dowie starved-like beast, that cam
Into the Ceres Mart ram-stam,
That time "Cargill" a wee unweel
Frae stabs he gat frae gleaming steel,
When at the biguet's point and stains,
They gae a thochtless chield the reins!
When fierce Seceders ranged the Kintra,
To catch the Sumphs and Chartist-Gentry,
Roaring that oor auld Beast o' state
Could Deevil-dae but lie an' bait,
Sin' e'er he gat the bluidy gashes,
Which nae doot made him dull an' fashes,—
That he was dune forbye on's feet,
And far frae safe upon the street,—
That if a band o' Saunts at nicht,
Were gaun to flit and tak their flicht,
It's juist the rich wha hae the say,
Would be assisted on their way,
As cownd a set o' lees and pert,
As ever broke a Cuddy's heart,—
But its a Cuddy and will be
While streams run toddlin to the Sea,
Where it may drink's they toddle by,

Juist when it feels a little dry!
And what for no? drink up its fill
From streams that skirt its native hill,—
Yet he maun be a freendless chiel,
Wha rins and leaves Cargill to steel,—
Or if the wrang is in the Shune,
No richt nailed on or gey sair dune,
They should like Christian bairns hae gone,
To see the smith wha pat them on!
A Man o' sense wha owre a crack,
Would either gie a wee or tak,—
Ay! and they work their plots I'm sure,
When Ceres still provides a Muir!
Like beggers gang by break o' morn,
To beg their Beastie's bite o' Corn,
An's built new Stable's owre the toon,
Like's oors were near the tumblin doon,
But gin The Cuddy sets Folk gite,
What will they no dae oot o' spite.

There Katy Clark wi' neeve in air,
Bangs forrit wi' a Pawrents care,
To save auld "Donal" frae abuse,—
Her dear Companion in the hoose,
And, oot the hoose, owre dreary fens,
When oot she gangs for eggs an' hens,
And ca's the Billie's hat owre's een,
And sends him sprawling on the Green!
When loudest laughter shakes the air,
To see the Budies rage and square,

"Ye nesty footer! cheat the wuddy,
And ye wad kill my honest Cuddy,
As ye ae Lord's nicht wi' your strife
About your supper, killed your wife,
Because puir Craitur, Nancy Rae,
She lut the tawty-pat sit tae,
Tak that! ye footer on the chaft,"—
But Charlie aye was counted daft,
And when last up before the Session,
For licken Nans, the tenth transgression,
The Minister ga'im full commands,
"To strike no more with feet or hands,
But bruise her with the Sacred rod,
A portion of the word of God!"
When on that supper nicht he saw,
Or thocht his wife would like to eraw,—
Because, she said, that since The Fall,
Pats would misshanter wives and all!
And put the Bible doon a stockin,
And gae puir Nans the fatal knockin,
Sae dinna wonder that the budy,
Is sair ta'en up aboot her Cuddy!

Yet there they reest and fling and roar,
Juist as their Faythers did before,
The wee Seceder nurly thing,
At auld Cargill maun aye lat fling,—
"But see! the wooden-leggit Buddy,
Gangs whumlin owre his flichty Cuddy!
When aff they bicker tooth-an'-nail,

Yet Josy has her by the tail!
And watch the wee Priest's hopeful face,
He'll run oor Cuddy aff the race,
Cargill is stretching nose and soul,
To grip the Carrot on the pole,
As gude a plant as could be fund,
In a' their Sustentation grund,—
A cauld back-lying Place at most,
Exposed to surly winds and frost,
A Land with an unsettled clime,
Where famine stalks from time to time,—
But wildest laughter keenly breaks
Aroond the hingin-luggit snakes,
For doon oor Beastie pops its nose,
And owre its lugs wee Peter goes!
Wha glowers aroond amang the stir
Wi' looks a wee pecooliyir,
Like Teelyir Broon when, like a Craw,
He owre to France would flee awa,
To get the Fashions, and a Stock,
To cut a dash wi' Ceres Folk,
Strong winged, and wi' a Peacock's tail,
Owre stormy Seas and hills to sail,
But frae his lum-head fate-forbidden,
Flaff-flaffed and lichtit in the midden!

Auld Bethel Jock wha bears nae strife,
True love the Key-note o' his life,
Wha keeps The Auld Kirk in his prayer,
Because his Mither worshipped there,—

Noo helps the Rider on again,
Wha claws his toosy head wi' pain,
" An', Sir! I howp ye'll gang in speedin,
Puir body! and your lug is bleedin!"
But like the Wizard o' the North,
Jock darts his left-hand swiftly forth,
And in the mucklest lug he sees
Lets fa' a naffefy o' pease,
Which gars his Cuddy keep its place,
And roar and wink and thraw its face,
Fixed as the Statuette o' Grace!
And though the new-starts lash or ban,
It winna stir for mortal man,—
"Come up! cries Peter till his Brither,
Or I will ding your ribs thegither!"
Some haud oot thistles, nettles, corn.
But on their gifts it looks wi' scorn!
"Impossible!!" the Bethel cries,
While Peter girns and wildly tries,
As cried auld Duffler when his Son,
Wi' impidence gey sune begun,
Bade him to think upon "the corn"
That day anither bairn was born,—
"Impossible!" cries Bethel Jock,
The merry Billies lauch an' choke,—
" Hooray! the Cuddy o' The State,
Has won the Ceres Silver Plate,"
For frae the Course fu' lichtly aff,
The puir Seceder flees like Caff,
As swift as when a Colt it saw

And raced its shadow on the wa',
As aye oor Minister comes dump
Upon the Sustentation lump,
Wi' hazel rung would quell a rogue,
That grew lang syne at red Drumclog,
The ithers following in its wake,
Wi' mony a perverse fling an' shake!
And when auld Joseph urged it bye,
A twinkle danced upon his ëye,
As doon he brocht his stick wi' whack,
Upon the wee Seceder's back!
For though it seemed his loving study,
He didna want to strike his Cuddy.

Again the Music fills the air,
But not a Note bespeaks despair,—
The gangrel folk hae had twa days,
Weel worthy o' their stirring lays,—
For gills, an' bakes, and Ceres kail,
Forbid the meanest wretch to wail,
And weel they ken the barn door
Is never shut against the poor!
Whaur sangs and stories cheer the nicht,
Till dawns the morn wi' weary licht,
Which wi' an unkent joy would make,
The sprooshest King to lie awake,
Ay! leave the pent-up Royal Stock,
To come and bide wi' Tinkler folk,
Whaur wi' some truly Queenly Friend,
He'd wish ilk nicht would never end.

Again auld Thow plays rum-ti-tum
Upon his blude-begirded drum,
When doon he comes wi' doorer clink,
For sowl and arms are nerved wi' drink,—
When he recals some blude-red Day,
For he has been in Battle fray,—
And while he gapes, an' youts, an' chokes,
He tells "The neist race is in Pokes"
(When wi' the Lairds wha lauch an' clatter,
He gi'es their beavers mony a blatter,
For gin ye roose him in his micht,
He cares na whaur his drum-sticks licht),
"Oot fifty eels and fifty in,
As fast as mortal Man can rin,
In floory pokes wha in them creeps,
Will come oot Millers tho' they're sweeps,
And Baker Bell wha maks the bread,
Will ram ye a' in but the head!"

Soon in a lang white raw they stand,
Juist like a floor-grist new to hand,
Whaur faces glour, an' lauch, an' roar,
We think we've surely seen before,
Like Tammy Staulkers ae fine nicht,
Aboot the tining o' the licht,
When him an's wife was on "the ball,"
And Betsy made an unco fall,
A "half-kent face" did on him grin,
Frae oot the hedge whaur Bet fell in!
But there's the Piper's sonsy face,

Wha brags that he will win this race,
Though he should tum'le owre an' row,
His great fat buttocks owre his pow,
Eh lord! to see him on "the Beer,"
And think he'll no rebel when here,—
And there's Jock Cochrane frae the Craigs,
Wha swears that corn is no for staigs,
When he his Naigie's bite does sell,
To get a toothfu' till himsel,—
Beside him stands auld Whutrick Mailin,
Wha through a strong religious failin,
Rows up his carcase aye at nicht
Intil a bed-sheet lang an' ticht
To keep himself secure frae evil,
Sae sair he dreads baith wife an' Deevil,
And should be quite at hame in claith,
He birrs sae aften like a wraith,
When Nelly rams the preen weel in,
That gars the lad bang up an' rin,—
Some farer doon is Tammy Ranken,
Wha in a poke is gude at spanken,
Sae high and clean he lifts his heels,
Juist like a lad gaun through the reels,
As a' his days he bore the doom,
To ca' the treddles o' a loom,
While faithfu' Madge wha wand his pirns,
Towards her Lord and Maister girns,—
Doon still, an auld outspoken tar,
Wha struck a blow at Trafalgar,
Wha served three Kings and eke a Queen,

But fell wi' drink on Ceres Green,
Whaur like a bull-dog cooched for life,
He glours and scowls upon his wife,
Wha waits a barrow, for her fricht,
And means to keep him in a' nicht,
Whaur he may tell his yarns and swear,
While Soos the poker michtna fear,—
And Flute the Infidel, is there,
Wi's lang blue nose and drucken stare,
A Vegetawrian by the bye,
Wha feeds on Neeps like Winter kye,
For fear that he his Grannie eats,
In whangs o' pork and butcher meats,
Drawn there by some strange law that reigns,
To clead anew the young Cawf-banes,—
And Stallion Tam and twenty mair,
Baith young and auld this day to dare,
A' geyly lads as e'er were seen,
To try a poke-race on a Green.

The Teelyir waves his magic cane,
They start but thochts o' speed are vain,
For in a poke as in a dream,
The speed is never what we deem,—
Oor priest reminds baith young and auld,
To draw up each deceitfu' fauld,
The Square is yelling oot its glee,
As one by one they strew the lea,
For mony a lad wad join the splore,
Was never in a Poke before,—

Auld Nancy Paitrick like to greet,
Cries till her son to mind his feet,
Beside that God-forgotten loon,
If he wad gain the Craigha' Croon!
For gin his sowls, his only anes,
But hursel in amang the stanes,
He fa's and seldom fa's him-lanes,—
But this advice like thoosands mair,
Seems but a flourish on the air,
As Flute noo leads the race fu' weel,
Wi' a' the crowdle at his heel,
Yet, as men topple o'er and yield,
To Death upon the Battlefield,—
Doon douse upon his muckle nose,
Oor ain Fluteorum bounding goes,
Juist as he sclaffed aroond the pole,
Somewhat owre sharp, an' sloo'd, an' droll,
When owre him fa's auld Men and Youths,
Like Birkies tumlin frae the Booths!
Wha row, wha whumel, try to rise,
While deafning sounds ascend the skies,—
"Keep on my lads!" quoth Teelyir Broon,
But aye the tither Sumph gangs doon,
Which, as they tum'le on their face,
Aye seems the glory o' the race,—
The Piper wi' his heels owre pow,
Is drifting fast intil a row,
His muckle feet comes doon wi' baft,
Intil a Hielint Tinkler's chaft,
Wha roars till he is like to choke,

To some kind cheeld to louse his poke,
"For I would give him twice as more,
As prok his Nose for evermore!"
Fond Mithers in their wild despair,
To see their laddies sprawling there,
Seize up Fluteorum by the hair,
And by the legs, and like a dream
They toss him headlong in the Stream,
Where he may sit on's end or splatter,
As suits himsel amang the water,—
Syne cock their neives upon the brae,
Like jauds wha hae owrecome the fae,—
Meanwhile The Square still keeps its face,
Wi' rowth o' smiles upon the race,
Where Cochran wha is never slack,
Shutes Ranken owre upon his back,—
When Mirth receives its highest Croon,
As Piper knocks the Tinkler doon,
And in return, in honest strife,
Is near hand worried by the wife!
Wha swears and rugs him by the hair,
Till Jeemie's rackit neck is sair,—
Which gars him, while his brain is soomin,
Lift up his hand to "lovely woman,"
For tho' he fills his Elder fou,
He likes fair play by hands or moo!
The upricht Sackers scarce can pass,
The bings o' halyons on the grass,
Wha fecht till sweat rins owre their face,
To gain their feet and curse the race,

When Kirsty Ranken in her ire,
Her big face lichtit like a fire,
To see her husband bear the mock,
Flies forth to hae revenge on Jock,—
The Pipers and their kith and kin,
Maintain the dignity o' din,—
Yet watch that auld wife i' the burn,
Gripin like some bull-dog and wurrin,
Dead shots upon a doon richt droon,
She doofs and birses Fluter doon,
Wha rows an' whumles i' the poke,
His 'bated breath begins to choke,
His conscience wakens keen and clear,
He sees The Judgment Seat appear!
Ay, prays for length o' days to pray,
Like Atheists at the tail o' day!
The Priest while hoosling up a snuff,
Cries "Peggy! Peggy!! that's enough,"—
But, na! she hauds by poke and hair,
Yet needs a breath hersel fu' sair,—
When, as they share the short repose,
He shakes the water owre his nose,
But Nancy's tongue maintains the strife,
It never haltit a' her life,—
"O! ye Infiddle blue-nosed loon,
To gar my laddie tumble doon,"—
Like Jonah when The Storm King came,
Puir faithless Flute gets a' the blame,
Yet cries he, "Me! it wasna me,
Could help your laddie gaun ajee,

I fell, he fell, an' what is mair!
Could you,—but gad-sake mind my hair!"
"Your hair, ye curse-provokin brock,
Ye swore ye was o' Ceres folk,
Yet Kin to every Cabbage Stock!
Cam aye and tell'd my thochtless laddie,
That mind was but the growth o' crowdie,
That Collies on a fireside rug,
Micht whisper Kizzen in his lug!
Noo! hoo could ye be blessed ye ghoul,
That would knock oot a laddie's sowl,
O! ye noted,"—when O! the string
Fa's louse wi' mony a jerk an' swing,
And Flute gets oot and doon the burn,
And through the Kailyairds taks a turn;
While Nancy stands lamenting sair,
That she but hauds a bunch o' hair.

Another cheer like thun'er-thuds,
Gangs wurring up beyond the cluds,
For they would sound with trump and drum,
O'er this and o'er The World to come,
That Cochran with his highest grace,
Has won the Ceres Sacking Race.

Amid the sounds o' mirth that rise,
In hearty volumes to the skies,
Which cause stray Angel-Bands look doon,
And spier what's up wi' Ceres toon,—
The barking voice of Thow we hear,

Which tickles mony a Roggy's ear,—
"Ye Virgins wha incline a race,
Be forrit to the Starting Place,
Ye wha can smartly lift the leg,
Like Mawkins doon the Barley-rig,
Wi' a' your ribboned glory furth,
To shew the Ceres People's worth,
Oot o' some hunders less or more,
We'll surely coont, this day, a score,
A' bashfu' nonsense laid aside,
Your Village and your Pawrents pride,
The fleetest twa receiving doon,
A pound the piece to buy 'the goon,'
Forbye what e'en comes farer ben,
The love o' honest-hearted men!
But Priest and Doctor baud me cry,
That none but Virgins need apply,
As jauds and lummers are a pest,
Wha drive the peace frae mony a nest,
And notice! through Eve's thochtless fall,
The Ceres race is free to all!"

Soon as the words ring on the ear,
Maid after Maid like queens appear,
Gallanting owre the sportive Green,
Wi' gentle yet camsteery mien,
When forth an auld Kirk Elder flies,
With trembling lips and glaring eyes,
And grips his Dochter by the tails,
And cries "My very heart's-blude quails,

To think that I should live to see
My lassie on the turf sae free!
O! Minister, put furth thy power
To urge the thochtless lass atour,
For gin she runs a Public Race,
Hoo could I ever set my face,
On Sabbath-days, fernent the brod,
Or cock my head ayont the road,—
O! Minister, wi' thy control
Hae Mercy on my troubled Soul,
An Elder's wish should be respeckit,
An Elder's bairn should be proteckit!"
The Minister looks on fu' sly,
Wi' laughter not an e'e is dry,
The lassie tears his hand away,
Resolved to have her native sway,
Juist as her Mither, now no more,
Had dune some thirty years before;
Yet like to those who tease the skies,
The Elder roars and turns his eyes,
"Come back! come back! or never more,
You'll need to dark your Fayther's door,"
And bids her mind, when sair he socht her,
That she's "an Elder's only Dochter!"
When mid the din and wild deray,
Ten Virgins stand in grand array,
Their Coaties Kiltit to the knee,
And barfit as the queens should be!

The Teelyir cocks his auld grey cane,

"Noo Daurlins! here ye go again,
Once, twice, thrice! and the garret high,
For there the hinmost lass maun lie,"—
When aff the hizzies scour awa,
Led on by Ep and Jen M'Craw,
Twin-sisters frae a Muirland Place,
Wha would come owre to run their race,
The Crowdle bobbin wi' that gait,
Camels and Women hae by fate,—
And there is Mac himsel, in short,
Come oot to hae a day o' sport,
A Man wha loves to guide his feet
Whaur toddy-fumes and Farmers meet,
Glad to escape the fumes o' Crudy,
And change for fun his day o' study,—
A man whose vast and cultured knowledge,
Is lost within a Kintra College,
Where whiles a dizzen o' bairns propose
To draw their Maister's Roman Nose!
But faith, his Dochters speel the best,
Which is aroond the course confessed,
The Ceres folk are mair than proud,
As is evinced by plaudits loud,
For it accords wi' Ceres mind,
To strangers to be mair than kind,
So that their name may not grow dim,
'Tween Ceres and Jerusalem!

Hoot, toots! short time oor lads adore them,
Twa ither strangers skips before them,

Twa little Kummers closely veiled,
And hardly just sae waggle-tailed,—
Puir Jen but cripples slowly noo,
Her swelled leg fails to bear her through,
Her Sodger laddie, thochtless brute,
Maun gie her aye the tither shute,
Till she'll be on her nose again,
For wi' a toom pooch he is fain,—
Yes! there she goes heels owre once more,
Which sets the hale Green in a roar,—
The restless roid regardless rogues,
Wha droon e'en fun in reaming cogs,
Beside the tents wi' bleary een,
"Tak oot o' thraw" each passing queen,—
The Minister and Committee,
Sae gifted that they aye maun see,
A beanty in a Largo partan,
A beauty in a flaming tartan,
Feel queerish owre this Virgin Race,
Hang fondly on each passing face;
And on the legs sae straucht and clean,
That skip sae neatly owre the Green,—
Nae doot wi' thochts, a' thochts abune,
That they had married faur owre sune,—
And Joseph preached it div ye ken,
Fashioned and fashed like ither men,
That every gait the lad had gone,
A stumbling-block he aye cam on!
In a' his dealings here and there,
He rued his haste and want o' care,

Till his advice to Men and Kings,
Is to beware o' Earthly things!

Like Ceres Angels in they come,
The kind that skips to Fife an' drum,
Yet could sup parritch white or broon,
Wi' ony Sisters ere cam doon,—
Though to the pole they pech their way,
Like lassis loupit dune the day,—
The Committee are at their posts,
Pale wi' their mongrel-love as Ghosts,
Eager to seize wi' loving grin,
The twa that warsles lucky in.

Once more the merry shouts arise,
To thril their neighbours of the skies,
The tall veiled strangers are caressed,
And in a strange Land truly blessed,
All eyes are on the beauties set,
With love and envy some are wet,—
E'en thochtless lumps to look upon,
Maun stap anour to try them on,
For gin they'll tak a dram an' dance,
They micht get married aff at wance!
And sic hand-shakin as has been,
Was ne'er before on Ceres Green,—
But horrors! what maun noo befall,
These Maids wha passed the Priest and all,
As when the winds blaw oot the licht,
To plunge puir Trav'llers into nicht,—

Sudden from glory to disgrace,
Come down these Champions of the race,
Auld Thow but shak "My skirling Friends,"
Whase hands are marked wi' lingen-ends,
Which now betrays, what Thow maun blether,
They win their daily bread by leather,—
When oot it comes to common ken,
That thir "Fair Maids" are crafty men,
Twa prentice Sooters o' the toon,
Wha borrowed each his sweetheart's goon,
Twa Sweethearts that sae leuch an' snowkit,
To see Men-folk sae easy gowkit,—
When, gad, oor Doctor and a few,
Dear Cronies owre the Mountain-Dew,
Would use his garden snedding-knife,
No juist exactly on their life,—
But it was ruled, and wha can blame,
To set the Birkies naked hame!
As now their sweethearts tears atone,
Wha plead to let God's works alone.

It is an ill-wind by the rude,
That disna aye blaw some folk gude, —
The prizes noo maun sweetly fa',
On headstrong Kate and Ep M'Craw,
Which gars the Elder smile and sigh.
While strange contentment cheers his eye,—
And whisper in gey canty till her,
"Losh, Katy! maun I tak the siller?"
When arm in arm the Man o' study,

Gangs wi' the gritten Elder body,
To Adson's tent to hing a cog,
Ere comes the pound to cheer the rogue,—
And them that kens him, kens fu' weel,
That he this nicht will booze and reel,
Till ilka bit o' Katy's prize,
Has gane to dry his weeping eyes.

The merry youngsters hand in hand,
Hae formed a Circlet to withstand
The auld Grave-digger wi' the bell,—
While youths blindfolded rush pell-mell,
Or stand and twist their mooths aroond,
Ettling to dive upon the soond.—
But weel he jinks them like a hare,
Or loots and sends them heels in air;
When lood he lauchs to find a pack
O' laddies birlin owre his back,—
Eh! but he is a fine auld Man,
Can play wi' youngsters, lauch, or ban,
Or bury them if they've a mind,
Its ane to him he's aye sae kind,—
And when he's turnin up the clay
O' Mortals o' a byegane day,
He'll lift a scull wi' seeming awe,
And host the playmates frae the ba',
To see the head o' some queer loon,
That nodded lang syne roond the toon,
On him whase fiddle raised the steer,
At penny weddins faur and near,—

Or, "This is Willie Blyth noo tume,
Wha tell'd ye stories owre his lume,
And on the Simmer-noons at ease,
Lay a' his length to watch his bees,
But, weesht, here comes his Son wi' drither,
To see if a's richt for his Mither!"
Or, "Here's the legs o' Tammy Doo,
Wha chairged at famous Waterloo,
Wha aye got fou upon the Green,
And kissed the lasses lang ere e'en,"—
Or, "There's the hand wad ye suppose,
Aye Market nicht ca'd in my nose,
Yet I will gi'em 'the grip' o' love,
Ere that I join The Lodge above,"
When, as he sneevles unco near,
The youngsters titter half in fear,—
Or, "Laddies noo ye're stawnin on,
The bless'd remains o' Crawford John,
Wha scaled Dumbarton Castle walls,
And led his Comrades through the Halls,
Cutting the English throats that lay
Sae calmly on their bluidy way,"--
Thus Sooters, Bakers, a' in turn,
And whiles auld sweethearts gar him murn!
But, see! the Deevil jinks and rins,
Like some auld rabbit 'mang the whins,—
O! juist think hoo that sonsy face,
Can answer daft or sawered place,
At ae time on the poopit stair,
To sneck the door wi' prudent air,

Or handing up a modest line,
That some puir Craitur's on the pine,
Wha wants the prayer that aye avails,
To haud the wind upon her sails,—
Yet gently, not to stir the deeps,
While her bit Craft owre Jordan sweeps,—
And weel we mind the unco stir,
When oot he bawl'd "She's landit Sir!"
Juist as a halyon reached the door,
Te tell that Nancy was no more,—
The while the Priest wi' kindly form,
Would lay the mair-than-Earthly storm,—
Or happing some respected Friend,
With kindness to the very end!
Till it is e'en a kind o' study,
To think this is the self-same body.

See yon lad up the greasy pole,
A lad wi' lauchin cheeks an' droll,
Sae fat his breeks will scarcely button,
Yet heart and sowl upon the mutton,—
Wha gies the tither anxious yelp,
Lod bless me, shuv and dinna skelp;
A-mercy me! what's that ahent,
But shuv and never mind the rent,
In, heest ye, in wi' mair below,
At Feedin-time ye're no sae slow,—
The giggot fills his greedy eye,
He yells "Lod, div ye want a fry?"
But still the rascals drive and play,

Without a halt this blessëd day,
Their sole delight to temp some loon,
Then let them a' come tumlin doon,—
But while they breathe three a' on ither,
Fat Dawvid's feet on Mole Tam's shither,
Ane o' the Ceres crackit quines,
Baith young and soople to the nines,
Wha was hersel near up the tree,
Is glourin up wi' hungry e'e,—
"Losh, Jenny! see yon blaggird sinners,
They'll hae awa a month o' dinners;
Quick lassie, kilt your coats and rin,
And save the mutton and the sin!"
"Atweel! says she, at least the beef,
An' lat the Deevil get his thief,
Ashure ye, an' that's written plain,
That ilka ane should get his ain,—
But, fegs! yon fallow on the widdy,
Is surely fat enough already,"—
When aff she bounds and in a crack,
She springs and warsles up their back,
When Thow and Broon clean mad to see,
The supper o' The Committee
Endangered by such "hellish play,"
Bang in like Kilties to the fray,
And reels and drives amang the scums,
When doon the wrangling fabric comes,
Puir Jenny's legs aroond the neck
O' Denty Davie in the wreck.
The giggot swingin roond an' roon',

Wi' which she ca's the Teelyir doon,
As off she bounds to join the Priest,
Wha sets a guard on Jenny's feast.

A dimness steals athwart my een,
Hell seems let loose on Ceres green,
High strains of weird-like sweetness rise
Upon the solemn-looking skies,
Where clouds are sailing soft and slow,
In contrast with the scene below,—
That hemmost glass o' "Willie Young,"
Has filled me to the very bung,
The tents are lichtit for the een,
A perfect glory fills the Green!
And there a band o' laddies rin,
Near stripit puir things to the skin,
Broon on before bawls oot wi' force,
And waves his cane to clear the course,—
Their Mithers sit alangs the braes,
Haudin their "bits o' bairnies" claes,
Yearnin for luck, ilk ane fu' fain,
For mithers aye can tell their ain,—
No like the droothy Dads the day,
Wha couldna tell a bairn they hae,
When as we watch their wee bit feet,
We kenna which to lauch or greet,
And as the youngest fa' behind,
Oor childish days come back to mind.

Squeak! squeak!! Lod bless me, there's the swine,

On which the nervy lad may dine,
Wha first can toss it by the tail
Across his shithers like a flail,
But, O ! that scrapit greasy thing,
The strength o' man will fairly ding,
Masons an' Smiths an' Weaver loons,
And wives and chields frae ither toons,
They rin and twist it roond their thoom,
But, birr ! it leaves the lad to gloom,—
Still doon they loot, and curse, and roar,
Their very Natur "hunt the boar,"—
It's through their legs and owre they fa',
Squeak here ! squeak there ! it jinks awa,
Yet it is grawnd to see each face
O' Man and Woman in the chase,
Wha conjure up the winter fire,
Whaur they would never hae a tire,
Wi' big red slices in the pan,
A' skirling as pork slices can,
The doors weel barr'd against the snaw,
To wear the day fu' blyth awa,—
The Priest and a' the Elder clan,
Wi' thochts aboot primeval Man,
When Adam sent his bairns at will
To bring a beastie frae the hill,
Are wondering hoo they cotch the game,
Or wi' a ten-stane swine got hame.

The Naphtha lamps noo load the air,
In tents and sweety stawnds they glare,

Whaur lads and lasses skirl wi' glee,
Lang purses haudin on the spree,—
Weavers and Snabs noo loodly snore,
Amidst the glorious galore,
Wha stack like grim death to the shune,
And to the wubs to get them dune,—
The Sodgers' feathers and their laces,
Are noddin in their sweethearts faces,—
And there the Elder snugly lies,
Wha poured his loud imploring cries,
Wha seemed sae honestly inclined,
Sae holy in his upper mind,
Noo wrecked and tumbled aff his chair,
Yet points to pour the drappie "there,"
The while his finger feels the lip,
That lo'es the Barley-bree to sip,—
But auld Mac is a decent Man,
Will drink nae langer than he can,
And by them sit their "bairns" wha grin
To a' the callants toozlin in,—
A Jewler body, like some Soo,
Half-oot half-in lies bockin fou,
The wives are fechtin tooth an' nail,
Aboot the sin o' sellin ale!
When ane cries, "O! ye jad to sell
The stuff that sends puir folk to Hell,
That drives its victims to the Wa',
And heel-wheel ruins bairns and a'!"
"Shut up," the Dram-wife cries wi' yell,
Her big face like the Sun at twel',

"Ye nesty hangished sheepy dot,
I didna force it owre his throat,
As auld Wives haud a Coo for bile,
And gluther owre the Castor-ile;
And wi' some sense aboon a Dug,
He needna been on my door-rug,
But sitting singin blyth an' free,
Juist like the Linty on the tree,
Wi' aye the tither dram to cheer,
The Body's blude and wrackit gear,—
Yet that bit packie by his side,
Fills thochtless heads wi' damning pride,
And that! and no wi' drinkin Beer,
Gard Angels fa', and tum'le here!
Yet you! ye German-siller shrew,
Would say I filled your drochle fou,
A Chield, was aye a ne'er-dae-weel,
Wha fled lang syne the pirrin-wheel,
And folk aye shunned the worthless loon,
Syne'er he pruv'd in Lunnon toon
His Fayther daft! because his will
Made owre his loom to Betsy Mill,
An auld lass he wad lo'e for ever,
Altho' some prankie made them sever,
So off ye go or there's the Drummer,"
When her reply is "O! ye lummer!"

The swine has run a muckle oor,
Its oot o' breath and oot o' pooer,
It fa's puir beast and in a crack,

Is on a Cupar Weaver's back,
A raggit sowl wi' savage stare,
Wha cam to fiddle through the Fair,
When, like a Stack o' Strae on fire,
"The toon" arises in its ire,
To keep their honour and their swine,
By, as Broon tells them, richt divine,
To tear the flag o' Cupar doon,
To drive "the vermin" frae their toon,
Led on by heroes flesh and soul,
Wha mairch'd upon Sebastopol,
And Freends and Mithers yet will murn,
For Sons wha ne'er saw Bannockburn,
As hows, and graips, and muckle stanes,
Are dirlin on the daftest banes,
While lads are hirplin aff the Green,
Wi' vanquished legs and swelled blue een.

Like some tall oak that lang had been
The beauty of the Village Green,
Where little raggit toddlins met,
To hae their Sodger-armies set,
Kind shelter frae the mid-day Sun,
Whene'er the fierce affray was done,
The "French an' Breetish,"—Freend and Brither,
A' closely huddled up thegither,—
But with the furious blast and rain,
Lay stretched and humbled on the plain,
Its branches, once so nobly spread,
And all its ancient glory fled,—

So lies puir Thow upon his back,
His auld head cloor'd wi' some foul whack,
Yet up he cocks that head to cry,
" My noble hearties! do or die!
On, Ceres, on! to victory!"
While curses rise aboon the hum,
On th' sowl that kickit in his drum.

Broon like a hero in the strife,
Wi' not a thocht aboot his life,
Unlike the selfish Richard-scum,
Cries oot " My Parish for a drum!"
Determined still mid blude and scar,
To carry on the fatal war,—
The gude Priest too is everywhere,
Whiles haulin some lad by the hair,
Whiles setting up a bleeding Friend,
To drink a dram on's hender-end,
For oot he pours his flask in haste,
Like showers upon the arid waste,—
And tho' the Poopit's tume enoo,
Or filled wi' some Satannic crew,
Nae doot he prays mid war's alairms,
For success to the Ceres airms,
A form o' prayer that's heard nae doot,
Gin him that prays can deal a cloot,—
While Friends and Foemen, Wives and all,
Like Autumn leaves around him fall.

To stir the heroes in the fray,

The Band plays bonny "Scots wha hae!"
Lang ere they start a lively air,
To mairch The Worthies through the Fair,—
When a' the Generals ken fu' well,
To leave the Battle till itsel,—
Up to their quarters, there to brew,
And crack, and booze, till a' is blue,
Where e'en The Minister in trim,
Sings "Scots wha hae!" wi' caps a-brim!
And jest gangs roond and gentle jaw,
Aboot the Freends that's far awa,
When Birkies sing "We'll toom and fill,
Until the Sun comes owre the hill."

The Pipers blaw wi' micht and main,
To gather in each merry train,—
Yet some are fou and couldna blaw,
And scarce can stand up by the wa,—
When lad and lassock, Man and Mither,
May a' gang dancin hame thegither,
While loving couples seen by nane,
Upon the Muir-sides rest their lane!

Then may The Dance and Race abound,
That cheer oor Kintra-side around,
That touch as with a living coal,
Each Patriot's sympathetic soul,
As dauntlessly they bid us turn,
Towards The Field o' Bannockburn!!

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